

THE SPIRITUALIST

AT WORK.

DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF HUMANITY. PROGRESSION HERE AND HEREAFTER.

VOL. II.—No. 14.

[E. V. WILSON.]

CHICAGO, APRIL 1, 1876.

[LOMBARD, ILL.]

WHOLE No. 40.

A SONG FOR LIBERALS.

BY THOMAS CURTIS.

We want no counsel from the Priest,
No Bishop's crook or gown,
No sanctimonious righteousness,
No curse or godly frown.

We want no Bibles in the schools,
No creeds nor doctrines there,
We want no Superstition's tool
The children's minds to scare.

We want the rights of Liberty,
With reason's lamp to try
Each word and thought of other men,
To solve our destiny.

We want the wrongs of life to have
A cure that's felt to-day—
A Saviour, not beyond the grave,
To work, and not to pray.

We want to reverence the right
That's felt and understood,
And not with Superstition's blight,
To fear an angry God.

We want our paradise on earth—
Not saints, but honest men,
Whose lives shall need no second birth,
Or Saviour rudely slain.

And having these, the world shall grow;
Each effort shall set free
A thinking man, whose voice shall go
To shout for Liberty.

THE ELM AND THE VINE.

[From the Spanish of Jose Rosas, of Mexico.]

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

"Uphold my feeble branches
With thy strong arms, I pray."
Thus to the Elm, her neighbor—
The Vine—was heard to say:
"Else, lying low and helpless,
A weary lot is mine,

"Crawled o'er by every reptile,
And browsed by hungry kine."
The Elm was moved to pity;
Then spoke the generous tree:
"My hapless friend, come hither,
And find support in me."

The kindly Elm, receiving
The graceful Vine's embrace,
Became, with that adornment,
The garden's pride and grace;
Became the chosen covert
In which the wild birds sing;
Became the love of shepherds,
And glory of the Spring.

O beautiful example
For youthful minds to heed!
The good we do to others
Shall never miss its seed:
The love of those whose sorrows
We lighten shall be ours,
And o'er the path we walk in
That love shall scatter flowers.

—Church Union.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

A TALE OF LIFE:

OR,

THE BROKER AND HIS VICTIMS.

"Each word we speak, each thought we write,
Through future ages wings its way;
For weal or woe, it takes its flight,
Enwraps with gloom or sheds its ray."

"I speak not this to condemn you, for I have said
before that ye are in our hearts, to die and live with
you."

CHAPTER VII.

[Continued.]

My mother and guide gently supported me, as nurses support the feeble invalids, encouraging them to walk alone. When we came to the end of the avenue the view was magnificent, far beyond my descriptive powers. Before me was a large country in a high state of cultivation, with mountain and stream. The fields were dotted here and there with groups of laborers, working and joyfully singing; all were occupied in various duties, connected with cultivation, and wore different colored garments, which gave a charm to the landscape.

I stopped and looked with admiration upon the prospect.

My guide then said: "Behold, my son, the invalid's home in Spirit life; by this scene you are reminded that *labor is the law of God*, and angels work as well as men to produce the requirements needed by the spirit body, according to its condition; the frames of these workers are not freed from earthly grossness, so that they require those nourishments that more closely assimilate to the produce of the gardens of Earth, and your frame is like theirs, very little above the quality of the Earth home. All changes are progressive changes, there are no miracles in Nature, all things are obedient to the law for imparting strength; by your indulgences you have injured your body, so that the effects have to be remedied by the Home care and discipline. We are now approaching that Home, whose gate will open to receive us, and at its portal we leave you for a time. Remember, my son, your mother's love in all your daily prayers, and our united promises. When you are ready for your duty we will come again and conduct you to Earth that you may begin your life over again, for the special task I mentioned to you."

I had, for some time, observed that we were approaching an imposing building of white marble, having numberless windows. The building was of a peculiar construction, differing in its style from any earthly structure; it was of immense size, having tiers of balconies, and these were adorned and supported by pillars of a shining quality, that reflected the light in prismatic colors, which gave to the edifice a grand appearance.

I was much struck with the mansion, having never imagined anything like it. An extensive garden was attached to the establishment, surrounded by a granite wall. As we approached, I observed the gateway leading to the mansion; it was also of a peculiar shape, and imposing appearance, having one central and two side entrances. On a tablet above these were the words, in golden letters, "Home of the Weary," and in silver letters, over the side entrances, the word, "Welcome."

As we came into view from the wood, and approached the gate, one of the side entrances opened and a man of a venerable appearance, but erect in stature, came out, accompanied by two youths as attendants. They quickly approached us, when my mother, advancing, met and saluted the old man, who placed his hand parentally on her head, and she bowed in respect to him. The youths then came to me, and my guide withdrawing, they occupied the places of my mother and guardian. The old man then looked keenly upon me, and I trembled before him. He turned to my mother, and said:

"Daughter, be of good cheer, thy son is welcome to our care; you may depart in peace, and may His love guide and protect us all." Then turning to my guardian, he said: "Thy charge is sacred, and we will assist his impaired condition, and our teachers will instruct the lad. I salute you both; farewell."

The old man then turned to re-enter the gate; my mother and guardian saluted me, and vanished from my sight. The young men then took me by the arms, and we proceeded

to the entrance, the gate opened by itself, and we entered a large garden, highly and richly decorated with fruit trees, and a profusion of flowers; their perfume imparted to the atmosphere a peculiar odor, the effect of which created in me a somnolent feeling, so that I longed to lie down. My attendants, perceiving this took me in their arms, and thus reclining, I was carried as a sick person, into the Home.

I have no remembrance of my entrance, nor of the period of unconsciousness that supervened. When memory returned to me, I found myself in a very large room, not unlike the ward of a hospital. I lay upon a cot by the side of an open window, so that I could inhale the perfume from the garden; the air seemed laden with balsamic vapor, so that every breath I drew was peculiarly effective; a strange thrill seemed to penetrate my entire system, resembling the tremor of a chill, but no sensation of cold was experienced; on the contrary, the atmosphere was balmy and refreshing, imparting to me strength and a calm repose. I observed the old man and the two youths watching me and carefully noting my condition; when the tremor presented itself, one of the youths drew a curtain across the window, which relieved me by producing a more mellow light and decreasing the atmospheric effects. The venerable being then advanced and placed his hand upon my head, the touch vibrated through all my frame, and inclined me to sleep. Observing this, he whispered some words to the youths, and they surrounded my cot with a beautiful screen, and left me to myself.

I appeared to relapse into a state of half consciousness, my frame becoming warm and of an invigorating glow, so that my faculties felt clearer and my whole body stronger. I lay in this lethargic condition some time, when the screen was removed and I saw assembled a large class of students, standing round my bed, waiting for the demonstrator to give them a lesson. The old man then advanced to the head of my bed, and placing his hand upon me, thus remarked to them:

"My pupils, we have received into this compartment of our Home a new patient, and quite as the former, his case does not present any new features beyond what we record in all our inmates whose lives on Earth have been misapplied, by a wrong educational training and a selfish indulgence. This frame, you will perceive, bears the impress of youthful follies, and ignorant usage; the physical structure has become impregnated with the disease of earthly foibles, so that it will require our usual method of restoration; the mental power is in a sad condition, arising from misapplied energies and gross ignorance. He presents a picture for reflective consideration, as the marks of delusion and vanity are strong. When the spirit's strength returns, under the love and permission of our Divine Creator, I will expound to you the life issues and the effect of passion; until then we must watch and pray for his restoration, trusting solely in Reverence and Hope."

To this address the entire class responded "Amen," and passed from my view. One of the youths remained and replaced the screen. He then gently whispered:

"My brother must not forget his mother's teachings, and must learn self-communion, so as to comprehend his duty to God and man; your present condition is too feeble for explanation, all that is required of you is to learn to commune mentally with your Maker, acknowledging his mercy and loving kindness, and this with no outward sign, but inward trust, pure, simple, and sincere; for in true prayer the *mind alone must be exercised*, the physical frame being but a machine through which the mind works in the Vineyard of Material Beauty, but the soul communes in private adoration with its Founder, and intelligence, reverence, and brotherly love demonstrates the true influence and acceptance of that mental worship. In the venerable teacher of our Home you behold in effect the example; his duty is one routine of benevolence, and a proof of our Divine Creator's care. When strength is given, you will rejoice with us and receive with gratitude the primary lessons of this refuge; our Home regulations will be taught you, and your duty thereto explained. I will leave you now, for the influence of your spirit; strive to obey the 'still, small voice,' and you soon will attain unto health, strength, and faith."

My attendant left me, and I felt as if a turmoil reigned within me; I strove to master the agitation of my mind by an effort of my will, but I was powerless. I was disquieted, and an unaccountable dread came over me; I endeavored to recall some of the prayers of our church service, but it was in vain; the words of my mother's infant teaching alone came to mind, and I responded to my childhood's obedience. By degrees I became calmer, so that I gently reposed musing upon my experience; every circumstance appeared strange and bewildering, so that, had it not been for my surroundings and peculiarity of feebleness, I should have adhered to my dream theory; but there was no mistaking the wonderful personal alteration, and the lessons I had passed through, my mind was no longer antagonistic, but struggling; I owned its inability to comprehend, and its dawning desire to be at rest; I dreaded an invisible influence, and sighed for the protection I longed for but was incapable of defining. Thus combating my fear and its ignorance, the words of the Psalmist rose in my memory, and I mentally said, "Why art thou cast down, oh my soul, and why art thou disquieted in me? Hope thou in God."

My tears flowed down my cheeks, and I wept in agony of soul. Fear and dread were my companions, and I lay on my bed in motionless terror; I felt bewildered, and as a child calls for its nurse, did I utter my mother's name; her hand, in response, was at once placed upon my brow, and she whispered: "Hope and trust in God alone; cast off from thee, my son, all of Earth's ignorance, and learn wisdom as a child. Arise from your bed and I will teach thee the suppliant's prayer."

I obeyed, and kneeling, as an infant, by my cot, I repeated a sublime utterance. I saw no form, but my mother's hand was felt, and her influence recognized. When I rose from my kneeling position my youthful friend, for such he is, came and led me to the window, and bid me look upon the scene beyond. I gazed in wonder and admiration; before me was a land-

scape of surpassing beauty, a valley in the highest state of cultivation, having streams of clear, transparent water, coursing through it; fields of rich cereals, glowing and ripening in beauty, and others in different stages of growth, with groups of men and women in active occupation. Surrounding the valley were wooded eminences, having mountains behind; as far as my eye could see this scenic arrangement of valley, mountain, and streams, clothed in verdure and decorated with variegated beauty, existed. The eye was not pained by looking, or the desire palled by sameness, for every faculty of your being seemed to be refreshed and strengthened by the scenery and the atmosphere. My heart was swelling with emotion, when my companion said:

"Look nearer home. All thy life thou hast preferred the distant expectation to the present reality; strive for the present to be hallowed to thee, that thy future may be glorious; for none can attain to 'the hope hereafter' who is ungrateful for his present enjoyments. This Home is more beautiful than the wood, and more refreshing than the decorated valley; without its influence and teachings you never could wander by the streamlets or ascend to the mountain's tops, and both have to be acquired before thy strength is fully restored. I have been years, of mundane time, here, and love my labor so much that I care not for those beautiful hills or delight in the gliding stream, but my joy is in striving to do good and relieving distress. When my preceptor calls, I am ready to attend, and he giveth me the sick to nurse, and the ignorant to teach, and I thank God for the trust, and my hope alone is in God, my Savior. I know no other Savior, nor can I speak of any other. On Earth, my poor brother, I was more ambitious than thou, more harsh and worldly minded, more capricious and unjust; curses to me were as companions, and I saw no good in man, and only sensual pleasure in woman. I died by my own hand, and walk this Home as a suicide from Earth; but, with all my faults, failings, and crimes, I am God's child, and he loves me still, and I am striving to do his will in obedience to duty. I am appointed as your lowly companion, friend, and teacher in this Home Come, therefore, my poor brother, and I will teach thee the joys of obedience, that you may reap the glory of a repentant man; for the tear-drop of repentance shines as a diadem in this beautiful Home.

"Look, then, my child, at your Home; purify your heart and rejoice in the affection of others, sinners like yourself on Earth, but scholars on the confines of Heaven, waiting for the messenger that opens to them the gate of the sphere of Wisdom; in that region you will see the 'why and the wherefore of thy life,' and acknowledge the loving guidance of Infinity. With us, you will be taught self-control and the duty due to man, for you have to be just to man before you can love God, for not one thought against man must linger to retard the purity of equity, or the loving mercy in creation's Author."

Obedient to my companion's intimation, I turned my eyes from the distant landscape, to look upon the beauties of the Home. Immediately before me was an immense garden, with magnificent shrubs, flowers, and fruit trees, in different states of progress. Every stage of growth was before me, from the shooting sprig, opening germ, the blossoming trees, the fruitage, and the gathering; lawns and walks were wonderfully arranged, so that the garden appeared a paradise of beauty. Here I also beheld various groups of men and women in invalid's costumes, also numberless children, playing, shouting, singing, and dancing; all appeared in harmony; if one child erred in conduct, loving companions taught him how to rectify the fault, and I noticed the response was cordial, not tinged with sullenness or carelessness, but the admonition was accepted as it was extended, with a loving feeling of gratitude.

I smiled in joy at the scene, and said, "It is indeed most beautiful and happy. I wish I was a little child again."

My companion said, "Did you never hear these words, 'Except ye become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter therein'? This is a truth uttered on Earth from the sphere of Wisdom, and we have all to become as little children in faith and trust. When you are stronger you will walk in that garden and learn from them, for the most ignorant child in those groups is wiser than thou art. There are few in our Home who have not encountered the

heavy trials of Earth life, poverty, disgrace, crime, physical suffering, united there with voluptuousness and vice, when brought here in the various stages of moral and physical depravity, they are all received with a welcome, and anthems of praise are sung, for another brother or sister is rescued by death from ignorance and degradation. We look on all alike, the children of one Father, who has ordered us to love one another, as love is the fulfilling of his law, and our preceptor receives every one with joy, and blesses with a kiss of peace the bearers from the wilderness of Earth. Oh, my friend, his is a holy office; we love and respect him, for his words are those of wisdom, and he knoweth by a look the requirements of every one; so he appoints the patients to their respective wards, administering to them carefully, as you observe in your own condition.

"Hereditary causes are the sources of your suffering; these causes will be specially treated, and eradicated, that your individual soul can demonstrate its true nature, and atone for every error according as the circumstances are defined, with clear justice and controlled by a loving equity. We teach to *instruct, not to humiliate and degrade*; no reference of reproach ever occurs, for all having erred, none can say, I am holier than thou; but the greatest among us acts as the simplest, so that he may instruct his brother to become equal with himself. Every being that the Creator has produced possesses some point of distinguishing superiority, so that the tie of brotherhood is perfect, and none can say, I am greater than thou. The highest archangel is *no more beloved* than the vilest, for both belong to God; both are created by his power, and are sustained by his love. The archangel seeks through loving instruction to elevate his ignorant brother, and always shows his affection for the duty, and his duty in his affection, giving freely as he receives, and obeying faithfully as ordained. There is no compulsory obedience here, but you are taught and persuaded to obey nature, as the law that unfolds the oracle of God. Man is formed for obedience to the law as engrained in nature, and to disobey the law is a violation that produces distress, pain, and anguish.

"Thus you see, my dear companion, how truly beautiful this Home is; well is it named the Home of the Weary and the Refuge for the Distressed. When you can walk around its wards and attend its lectures, your soul will expand in reverence and your 'spirit will rejoice in God your Savior,' who heard your midnight curse upon man, and called you forth to the judgment of Equity, that through love, that purifies, it shall become a blessing, and you shall bear it to Earth, walking unseen among men, and laboring to disconcert the evil thought and selfish desire of mortality. The merchant and the broker, the artist and the scientist, will be astounded with the revelations that are preparing for the Earth sphere in the sphere of Causes, and the millions of messengers that are educating here for the delivery, for the fiat has gone forth to shake terribly the Earth; so that ere Philadelphia shall see her third centennial your city of New York shall become as Tyre, a place for the spreading of nets, and London faded as Venice; but before that evidence is presented for the historical commentator, vast and important alterations in this land will have occurred. Your commercial code will be altered, based in just and equitable degrees, so that the selfish accumulator will have perished and the human family, working together for one common object. Theology, with her train of vampire theories, will have passed away and your churches vanished, giving place to halls of instruction and gardens of recreation; the minds of men being purified so that they dwell together in harmony, and the love of kindness unites all nations and people. War and her terrors will be buried with the records of barbarism, and only referred to by instructors, as the whip of the extortioner, the ignorant, sensual, and selfish man. When men compare the historic picture of America's first centennial with the record of 'Valley Forge,' they will pause before they deride this prophecy, or laugh at spirit power."

Subscribe for THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK. Do it at once, and read every word of it, for it is the best Spiritualist paper in America. Terms, \$1.10 for 26 numbers.

Send us 15 cents, and get a Review of the Discourse of Rev. John Bakewell, Rector of Grace Church, Topeka, Kansas, on the Expose of Spiritualism. By E. V. Wilson.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

ALL ABOUT THAT HOLLOW GLOBE AGAIN.

BY PROF. P. VAN HYATT.

[Continued.]

Mr Lyon supposes the opening in the earth to be at the North Pole. Captain Symmes gives the diameter of the hole as ranging from two to four thousand miles. The aperture at the South Pole is supposed to be somewhat larger. This opening is to be reached by following the warm currents of the ocean, which flow northward into the interior of the earth. The waters of the interior surface connect with the waters of the exterior. It is not difficult to conceive of a canal constructed on the principle of an inclined plane, so that the boat would run without the mule and his oats. The economy of the canal is apparent, but how the water is to curve around the entrance and stick to the ceiling of the interior is a puzzle. The theory presupposes reversed gravitation. The force on the outside draws all things to a common center, while the inside force presses all things from a common center. The law outside is convex in its tendency; the law inside is concave in its force, and presses from the focus. This must necessarily produce a counterpoise of forces, and in this exact equipoise those "experienced world-builders" must have laid the foundation of their shell. The operation was exceedingly delicate, and must have called for very experienced world-builders, who had grown wise by repeated failures. How they managed to leave these openings at the North and South Poles is the problem. The centrifugal force at the center of the earth is not very great. A globe, ten feet in diameter, revolving once in twenty-four hours, would be considered somewhat tardy in its motion; flatten this globe in proportion with the depression of the earth at the poles, and the difference in its polar and equatorial diameters will not exceed the thickness of common writing paper. The force of gravity has preserved the earth in almost a perfect sphere, in spite of the centrifugal tendency at the surface. This center flying force is greatest at the surface, and decreases as we approach the center of the earth, at which point the force is at rest. The force of gravity is seventeen times greater at the surface than the centrifugal force, and hence this tendency to fly off will not suffice to keep up a hollow inside, or keep objects pinned to the inner walls of the Hollow. Permit me to file the following briefs:

1st. A soap bubble with an opening at each pole is not a soap bubble. The earth is not made of soapsuds.

2d. All known substances, by the action of heat, may be changed to their original elements, which proves them to have been primitively so. This much for the Igneous theory.

3d. Science is a classification of facts, and the tendency of these facts is adverse to the Hollow Globe theory.

4th. Electro-magnetism is set in motion by the positive and negative forces. Earthquakes are not analogous phenomena.

5th. A nervous system presupposes ganglia and brain. The earth is without brain and ganglia, therefore, the earth is without a nervous system. (For Tinney.)

6th. Messrs. Symmes, Sen., Symmes, Jun., Sherman, and Lyon suppose the "Great Holes" to be at the Poles. The Poles have changed, therefore the openings into the Hollow are lost.

7th. The teachings of Geology are true; he that ignores this science is a false teacher and behind the spirit of the age.

8th. Natural law and science are synonymous terms. Geology is based upon natural law, therefore my friend Sherman ignores the basis upon which his theory is predicated.

9th. The Hollow Globe theory is predicated upon a supposed revelation from the Spirit Land. All such revelations have been forced to modify themselves when in opposition to Science, and it is not likely this theory will be an exception.

10th. Lava is not the remains of burnt, solidified petroleum, therefore volcanoes are not produced by solidified petroleum.

11th. No intelligent "world-builders" have an existence, therefore the earth was not built by intelligent, experienced architects.

12th. "Unknown knowledge" is of itself an absurdity; the expression found on page 137: "Unknown cavities exist under the earth," is a similar expression; hence both expressions are equally absurd.

13th. The forces that move the earth in its orbit around the sun are noiseless in their operation, hence these forces are not the author of cracks and jars. Page 144.

14th. If the interior of the earth is locked in a "frozen embrace," its fluid circulation is frozen also. A frozen body has no fluid circulation, therefore the earth is not an animal. Page 148.

15th. An event foreordained presupposes a foreordainer. No such foreordainer exists, therefore earthquakes are not foreordained. Page 148.

16th. Contradictory terms cannot both be true. Pages 150 and 222 contradict each other. "Highest form of negative fluid matter is electricity, and matter, when resolved into its original, chaotic state, becomes cold, inactive, frozen." Page 150. (Who knows this to be true?) "All molecular atoms existed in 'spirit form' and had sense enough to know their places." Page 222. (From whence came this stuff?)

17th. Force is attenuated matter, and attenuated matter becomes cold, inactive, frozen, therefore a cold, inactive, frozen force bursts steam boilers, and produces earthquakes. Pages 150 and 152.

18th. The accepted theory of tides is not in harmony with the Hollow Globe theory, therefore the present accepted theory of tides is false. Page 230. (A logical conclusion, of course.)

"Jupiter, and all worlds generate tides." P. 234.

"The law of gravity does not control our planetary system." P. 211. (It cannot be that these two expressions are "barefaced assertions.")

19th. Moon No. 2 is to be made of the ice and snow now in the arctic regions, said ice and snow to be carried off in the form of vapor to the point where this additional satellite is being made. The icebergs of Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla are not being converted into vapor, and since no vapor can reach a higher altitude than the clouds, all this "moon-building" out of the surplus fogs and vapor of this earth savors much of the "blatherskite." Pp. 399-401.

20th. Light emanates from the sun, and the earth is opaque, hence the Hollow is cold and dark. "Independent light" is an absolute impossibility. P. 452. Latent light is preferable.

My friend Lyon is again found at the "fair in borrowed feathers." He seems to know more of Aesop's fables than he does of geology. Soil is only disintegrated rock. This is not original with myself. There must have been a terrible churning, and the process often repeated, to produce our soil. The idea is an old one, so old that I have forgotten from whence it was borrowed. The reading public can judge who has given birth to the mouse. My friend has exhausted himself on two points—soil and volcanoes. Like the apostle Paul, when he undertook to enlighten the heathen's mind as to the Unknown God, my friend has left the matter where he found it.

His kind invitation to me to visit Adrian for the purpose of receiving additional light on his "pet theory," is duly appreciated. I have no doubt but that we should find ourselves companionable, with all our diversities of gifts and opinions. Should be pleased, also, to make the acquaintance of the "invisible authors" of the book now in limbo. With all due deference to the intelligences in and around Adrian, I cannot help feeling myself as near the "Bar of Wisdom" in Chicago as I would be in Adrian. As to accepting the challenge of my friend to a public discussion, I cheerfully comply; but instead of Adrian, I will agree to meet him at any point within his "Hollow Globe" that he may be pleased to name. If my theory is correct, he will hardly get off as easily as did the three Hebrew children; if his be correct, I will be responsible for board and traveling expenses, my friend to be responsible for the insurance tickets for the party.

Chicago, Dec. 25, 1875.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

OF LIFE, MIND, AND MATTER.

BY A. B. CHURCH.

To account for their beginning is an admitted impossibility; hence, unreliable results must be the end of all efforts, and yet, Are we immortal or not? has arrested minds of the deepest thought in every age, and does to-day. This question has not received a solution satisfactory and tranquilizing to the reason and common sense views of humanity in general.

Is such attainable? If not, let a few ideas be adduced to show humanity does not die like brutes and lose all consciousness forever. To have clear perceptions the mind must be free of bigotry, and the bias of sectarian creeds, and not stultified with narrow views, in order to look squarely at mystery and all phenomena, so as to be free and able to glean all facts attainable that can be made available to benefit all who will use reason and good common sense. The universe exists, and how made without life to produce it is inconceivable, and equally so how life was produced; or it and the universe from nothing; therefore, let it be assumed that life, mind, and matter have always existed, and a basis is formed for humanity to be guided by.

With this theory, the life, mind, intelligence, sight, hearing, thinking, reasoning, as also joy, sorrow, hope, fear, etc., of humanity, has its source from what has the above and all attributes. It seems impossible to conceive how they all could come into existence without a more sufficient cause than what can be gleaned from the earth, air, or any other source; and yet some contend that "by a combination of the atoms and parts of matter, life, motion, and organization is the result." Think and reason a moment, for if there was no life in the "atoms and parts of matter" before combination, such could not change their essence; hence it is apparent, for a reasonable conclusion, they existed before any combination, as parts of universal life, mind, matter, etc.—organization simply giving individual life—for, if matter always existed as matter, and mind as mind, or their essence previous to organization, then by it a new being is formed, which ever after has an individualized existence, with life and consciousness of its own, furnishing a good reason why "like is forever producing its like" in all nature.

It is generally admitted as a fact that "what exists cannot ever be annihilated;" hence, the separate life existence, essence, or spirit of humanity, can never be destroyed, though the body be burned with fire; neither could such consciousness lapse into the life of its source, because it was a part of such source previous to having consciousness, and remains such.

As music is not dependent on a piano, wind upon a ship, nor electricity upon a wire, we may reasonably conclude life and mind are not dependent on the combination and organization of the human body for its origin, so long as life is so abundantly manifested in all animate and inanimate creation, the air itself being full, etc.

As all things come from nature, it must, of course, contain the entire mental and physical qualities we find manifested everywhere; therefore, our thoughts, passions, humors, moods, and all ideas of art, beauty, deformity, perfection, or monstrosity, are derived from nature; aye, evil as well as good—humanity as spiritual beings included. That humanity, or the real man and woman, are truly spiritual in their essence, a little reflection on existing facts will show, viz.: There never was anything produced by the hand of a human being that was not spiritual in its origin, being thought out, yes, first thought out, in the human brain, and whoever saw or handled the human mind? That such is impossible is good evidence that mind and matter are distinct entities, and separate in their essence, and the evidence is not yet controverted, although some ignore the idea of "anything spiritual or unseen, as not only unknown, but actually unknowable," and yet many ideas of every-day use are wholly spiritual, and never present to outward sense at all, as for instance numbers 1 to 10, they being signs only, representing ideas with fixed and exact relations to each other; the same with time, space, art, measure, weight, and the whole circle of science, being visible signs in their relation to outward things, the mind being limited to outward things is compelled to adopt the unseen and invisible to aid in the every-day affairs of life. No one can handle the idea of numbers, time, space, art, etc., as they do matter, hence ideas of invisible and insensible things are conceived and known of only through their relations to the visible and sensible, by and through the spiritual part of humanity, as connected with its wants and desires. It must be admitted as a stubborn fact, that no invention or art was ever produced that was not first thought out—was spiritual in its origin. Can we reasonably suppose such thought is no more enduring than the things it produces, and is as liable to decay and to be blotted out of existence equally with the thing

produced, which all know wear out by use, or go to decay by action of the elements?

Ideas that are spiritual in their source, are they not imperishable, eternal, and coeval with matter, as also superior to matter? Is it possible for the living mind, from which all art and invention emanate, to be any less indestructible and eternal than matter? Reflect deeply, and ask your reason if the mind that studies, invents, comprehends, analyzes, and brings signs and ideas into use for the welfare of humanity—making them reliable—can be only parallel with perishable matter, and perish like a brute?

Is it not a reasonable idea that all ideas that go to make up real and true science, and gives humanity facts to judge by, in place of conjecture, are imperishable and eternal, their origin being from an infinite intelligence, which is diffused everywhere, in all things, a more consistent idea than for them to be "the accidents of matter, which, by combination, produced life, motion," etc., all "ideas of design being foolish." "In God we live, move, and have our being," is an idea rejected only by those who say "there is no first cause," therefore all phenomena must be their own cause, which is an absurd idea. We live with nature around us everywhere, hence inside of God, and we can no more get outside of such God, essence, or spirit, to view and study, than the liver of man can, to study the body of which it is a part; hence the part to be exercised in the study of nature, or God, is the spiritual—the invisible within; and to contemplate God as a personable being, or spirit, existing in a heaven in the sky for its home and throne, is a waste of brain thought, and foolish, when such is supposed to exist everywhere. Much of mystery is solved by assuming this earth and all on it only to be an infinitesimal part of the universe, animated by a life and mind which acts with such unerring precision that its laws and all science are based upon the absolute certainty of the movements of nature; therefore Spiritualism looks for a cause in what governs and directs, feeling assured that law governs matter, and all inventions or art owe their form to the mind, that is governed by law also.

Respectfully, for all truths.

For the Spiritualist at Work.
A CRITICISM.

BY T. H. STEWART.

BRO. EDITOR—*Dear Sir:* Other engagements will prevent my being with you at the Northern Illinois Association in Chicago, at its present session. I would be glad to meet you and the convention again, and discuss the subject you refer to in THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, March 1st.

At the ever to be remembered successful meeting at Rockford, Ill., in January, 1876, I incidentally referred to the Free Love lectures of Bros. Brown and Cadwalader, (not charging these brethren with anything but what, from their standpoint, they have a right to discuss to their satisfaction.) But we beg leave to differ with them in their premises and conclusions, and as you have kindly accepted the controversy on the Hollow Globe theory, I am ready for a written controversy, by your permission to publish the arguments, or for an oral discussion with any man or woman, providing a suitable place for such debate can be obtained with remuneration to the disputants. I will affirm the Calvinism of Theology, the Optimism of Philosophy, or the Fatalism of Science; or one proposition, namely, That whatever is, is of necessity.

I objected, or rather criticised the reasoning of Mrs. Woodhull in reference to Rev. H. W. Beecher (whether innocent or guilty of the charges preferred), that he was controlled by a law of nature higher than himself, and that he obeyed that law of necessity; and that Mr. Tilton and Mrs. Beecher had no right to complain or enter a protest. And then illogically censure or condemn said Beecher, in the second case, for not adopting her theory, but she charges him with not being true to his surroundings, or acting from compulsion of similar law.

But Mrs. Woodhull is not alone in logic, in reasoning from premise to conclusion. I have never found a Calvinist that would harmonize the divine sovereignty of a personal God and the free moral agency of mankind, or make mankind accountable to such a supposed being. Neither have I ever met an Arminian that believed in a local hell who denied successfully

the decrees of his personal God, sending a definite number there.

As there is the unity, dual, trinity, quadruple, sextuple, etc., of all subjects in argument, if the following technical words are of any use at present in the English language, namely, God, Devil, good, evil, right, wrong, best, worst (but to us only higher or lower degrees), then Calvinist and Arminian, Optimist and Pessimist, or Free Agent and Fatalist, represent the two sides in argument, and it is claimed that all subjects have *two sides to them*, at least in discussion.

Permit me now to review a part of the very modest, chaste, and delicate subject in the foregoing article in your valuable paper, devoted to so-called Free Thought, or Liberalism.

The subject of gestation or generation of the human race, based on Free Love, or opposite coercion of sexes, in propagating the species of animals, known as mankind. I never understood the force or meaning of that beautiful aphorism until I became a true Humanitarian, that *the wife was our better half*. Better why? Because the ways of the Lord are not equal, especially in child-bearing. I have been in favor of giving woman her rights and the ballot for fifteen years; also the right to thrash every mean dog of a husband that was a free-love libertine.

So far as free coition to propagate the race is concerned, it is all bosh; but man, in his animal nature, may coerce. But there is motive power or primordial cause for so doing, compelling him so to act, from his nature. There may possibly be that woman or animal that delights in pain inflicted on her own person in child-bearing, or in the producing of its young, but we doubt it. There may be that lovely girl, united in marriage, who, from novelty or curiosity, may once desire to pass through the ordeal of pain in childbirth, but not the second time if it could possibly be avoided and the race be continued.

Not one of your correspondents have answered my article, written a year ago, on the two Adams, in their formation. And now, since that noted European chemist, after twenty years toil and practice, has succeeded in making an artificial egg, and by the application of caloric has hatched a bird, *there is hope for the woman*. The dread of child-bearing haunts our refined women like a midnight spook, and I have no heart to censure Mrs. Woodhull and other ladies for their plain utterances, for here the whole matter rests, and will while nature's laws are absolute.

The polliwigging of long-haired men about Free-love is all one-sided (on their side). We are disgusted with the selfishness of man in matters of this kind. If it were not a law that is natural and unavoidable, when I see the mother pass through childbirth, and then that little one pass over in a few weeks, months, or years, and break her heart again a second time, if I believed in a personal God, I would advise her, like unto old Mother Job, to curse God and die.

We can no longer censure our loved women of America for abortion; of two evils, they choose the least, for it is so often a score of deaths before and then death at the time of deliverance to so many, that child bearing is a curse; but like all of nature's laws, it is the effect of cause, and while the cause remains the effect will, of necessity, follow. We were not consulted about our birth, neither will we be as to our death.

Spiritualism does not fill the bill or replace our loved ones just as they were, but it is the next best thing. Our friends can come occasionally, according to the laws of their habitation, but not voluntarily, no more than we can go to them until the laws of this cycle are finished, and we receive our discharge. We are conscripted by motives, and the highest motive compels us to act in all we say or do towards others. Freedom, liberty, or isolated independence does not belong to any being in the great stupendous whole called the universe of nature, in the past, present, or future.

Kendallville, Ind.

For the Spiritualist at Work.
SPIRIT PHENOMENA.

DENVER, COL., Feb. 5, 1876.

EDITOR OF THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK: Trusting you would like to hear from friends in Colorado, I take the liberty of sending the following account, which I hope you will insert in your valuable paper:

On the evening of Feb. 2d we held a circle

for materialization; ten persons were present, including the medium, my brother Arthur. About seven o'clock he entered the cabinet, in which had been placed a chair, bell, drum, writing book and pencil, and three ropes. The door was closed, circle formed, and singing commenced, and in less than two minutes he was controlled by an Indian, a Sioux, named "Sequa," and tied with all the ropes securely, his hands behind him to the back of the chair and his feet to the chair legs.

The door was then closed, and singing again commenced, when the usual phenomena occurred, several different shaped hands were shown and written communications thrown out. While we were singing a song entitled, "Ring the Bell, Watchman," the bell was rung vigorously, and to the tune; the drum was also beaten, and hands were beating time on the door of the cabinet. We were all called up in turn to the aperture and requested to place a hand inside; the spirits would then shake hands with us. With my hand, the spirit hand would come through the aperture, and remain there for some time, in full view of those present, playing with my fingers; the same occurred with two others. They took a ring from my sister's finger and placed it on the finger of a lady present.

Several times, after anything had occurred, we were requested to open the door immediately, and examine the ropes; we did so, and found the ropes the same, and secure. After we had sat for about three-quarters of an hour the medium was untied in less time than it takes me to write this sentence, and the ropes thrown out. Shortly after, "Sequa" asked for the ropes; they were put in the cabinet, and singing commenced. In three minutes' time he told us to look in; we did so, and found the medium suspended by the ankles to a ring in the ceiling of the cabinet, his hands tied behind him, and his head swinging, independently of the floor. "Sequa" told us to take him down from the ring and seat him in the chair; we did so, and closed the door. Instantly the medium's hands were untied and the ropes thrown out. We then took the medium out, and so ended the light circle.

We then held a dark circle, and articles were thrown about the room and at us; pieces of coal, ore, books, potatoes, and cartridge shells; the table and some chairs thrown completely over, hands touching us and answering mental questions; the medium sitting with us in the circle, conscious.

In a short time "Sequa" controlled him, and told us to place him in the middle of the circle, where he would leave him, and that Arthur would then see spirits. We did so, and Arthur saw and described a dozen or more spirits, all of them were recognized and conversed with. The Indian again controlled him, and he was placed back in the circle, when the hands touched us as before, things were thrown about, and books were passed around over our heads. The dark circle lasted about three-quarters of an hour.

Arthur Cheesewright has been developing only three months; this is the third time he has been controlled; the first time he was controlled they promised to hang him up, and they have fulfilled their promise. Arthur has been managing circles for that wonderful medium, C. B. Cutler, for some time past. We hold circles nightly for developing him, by spirit directions; the cabinet was built by their orders, and as they wanted it.

If anything more should occur (out of the ordinary) I will send you particulars, if acceptable. Yours in Spiritualism,

JOSEPH CHEESEWRIGHT.

We have on hand, for sale, THE NEW GOSPEL OF HEALTH, 520 pages, 120 illustrations, neatly bound in cloth, price, \$2.50, postage, 35 cts.; paper, \$1.25, postage, 25 cts.

THE WORLD'S SIXTEEN CRUCIFIED SAVIORS, 380 pages, bound in cloth, price, \$2.

WILCOX'S APPROACHING CONFLICT, price, 75 cts., postage, 20 cts.

JOHN BAKEWELL'S SERMON, reviewed by E. V. Wilson, price, 10 cts., postage, 2 cts.

Also one year of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, 26 numbers, 208 pages of the best reading matter ever published in Spiritualism. Price, \$1.10.

We will send all the above to one order for \$6.25, postage paid, not including the paper-bound New Gospel of Health.

The Spiritualist at Work.

CHICAGO, APRIL 1, 1876.

"I am a man, and whatever concerns Humanity is not foreign to me."—TERENCE.

E. V. WILSON, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Letters and Communications for this paper must be addressed to E. V. WILSON, LOMBARD, DU-PAGE CO., ILL., until ordered otherwise.

HAZLITT & REED, PRINTERS,
172 & 174 CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.,
Where Subscriptions may be paid and Advertisements received.

Terms—\$1.10 for Twenty-six numbers.
Single copies 5 cents.

The editor of this paper is speaking in Texas this month, and our readers may expect full reports of all that he saw and heard in this the future empire State of the Union, and the Italy of America. At the time of going to press we can only say that we are favorably impressed with all that we have seen thus far.

FREE SPEECH AND FREE PLATFORM.

The fifteenth quarterly meeting of the Northern Ill. Association of Spiritualists was a grand success, and fully demonstrates to Spiritualists of the West, what free speech means as well as what can be done on a free platform. We have controlled fanaticism, expelled from our association the bitter spirit, and brought order out of what seemed inevitable ruin and confusion; and we now ask the Spiritualists of the Northwest and West to come up to our help in June at our Fourth Annual Meeting.

NORTHERN ILL. ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS

Closed their Fifteenth Quarterly Meeting, at Grow's Opera House, on Sunday, March 12th, with a large and intelligent audience. This meeting has been a success in everything; no one point a failure. The order capital, the speaking good, the attendance averaging two hundred, all giving the strictest attention to every word that fell from the lips of the speakers. The speaking of the highest order of human thought, blended with the inspiration of many holy spirits.

The officers were all present and promptly in their places, maintaining order, and harmony prevailed through the sessions of the convention, thus fully establishing the fact that the Spiritualists of Northern Illinois can maintain free speech and a free platform with order, system, and harmony. The order of our convention was as follows:

First—Song with music.

Second—Conference for one hour; time allotted each speaker, ten minutes; during this hour's conference any one had the right to speak his or her thoughts in such words as they might see fit to use.

Third—The regular speaking of the session. These speakers were chosen by the Business Committee of the convention, and in view of their ability to entertain the audience, and they went upon the platform untrammelled, and spoke in perfect freedom such thoughts as the inspiration of the moment warranted. The speakers present were Capt. H. H. Brown, of Iowa, Susie M. Johnson, of Michigan, Dr. Samuel Maxwell, of Chicago, Mrs. H. Morse, of Joliet, Ill., George Pain Harris, of Minnesota, Mrs. J. H. Severance, M.D., of Milwaukee, Thomas Cook, of Massachusetts, and E. V. Wilson, of Lombard, Ill. All done well, all done their whole duty and spoke brave and noble words for humanity and progress.

During the sessions of the convention, all the great questions of the day were handled with ability. Capt. Brown, and Dr. Maxwell are inspirational speakers, Mrs. Morse and Miss Johnson are trance speakers, Thomas Cook and Dr. Severance speak in a natural inspiration, E. V. Wilson in speaking is in harmony with the laws of inspiration, but always conscious of all he says. In his test seances he is always under influence.

The convention adjourned on Sunday evening, to meet in Rockford, on the Winnebago Co. Fair Grounds, in Camp-meeting. This will also be the Fourth Annual Meeting of the Association. The Camp-meeting will be called to order on Wednesday, June 7, 1876, at 2 o'clock, and will hold over Sunday, the 11th.

Let the Spiritualists of the Northwest remember this Centennial Camp-meeting; we call attention to the call in this paper.

Will the Spiritual and Liberal papers call attention to this report, and oblige the Northern Ill. Association of Spiritualists.

O. J. HOWARD, M.D., Pres.
E. V. WILSON, Sec.

"TO THE SUNNY SOUTH."

We left Chicago on Wednesday evening, March 15th, at 8:10, for Houston, Texas. The night ride to St. Louis was through storm most fearful, of wind, rain, thunder and lightning; the elements were in wild commotion, and the country flooded. We reached St. Louis at 9:45 a. m., one hour and thirty-five minutes behind time; of course we had to wait over until the evening train, 8:10 p. m.

We improved the time, however, in writing up our correspondence; while in the Grand Union Depot we met with some peculiar people, of whom we will speak at another time. The St. Louis bridge, the tunnel under the city and the Grand Union Depot, with its spacious accommodations, all combined, are an institution that St. Louis may well be proud of. It is the finest depot west of New York city, if not in the United States.

At 8:10 p. m., the 16th, we were in our berth wheeling out of the city on our road to Texas, via the M., K. & T. R. R., eleven hours and thirty minutes behind time; the storm had passed on, the stars were out, fleecy clouds, like coursers, were flying through the air, Jack Frost was on hand with his sharp, biting process, nipping the tender plant and early flowers, and yet we felt it not, for we lay in our berth in the Pullman sleeper, thinking of home—darling Farmer Mary and her pets; then backward sped our soul to the day and place we were born (for this day I am fifty-eight years old); mother was with us, we felt her lips on ours. Dear old mother. And father, too; yet not so near to us as mother; and others were with us in spirit. It was a sweet hour of reflection and spirit communion. Then sleep came, and we dreamed of home and all that this sacred word implies.

On and on sped the train, westward and south, until daylight came when we found ourselves at Sedalia, Mo. Here we left our Sleeper and took our place in the passenger car, reaching Parsons, Kan., at 1:30 p. m., the 17th, again behind time, twelve hours. We found old friends here, whom we had known in Buffalo, the family of Ezra Stevens; Bro. S. has left them for a visit to the Summer Land, and is preparing a place for them. We spent several hours in social converse on old time memories and bid them good bye, not forever, however, but for a time.

1:35 a. m., the 18th, on board the cars again and away for the Indian Territory, and had a fine view of this Eden of the West. Indeed, it is a noble garden, well watered, well wooded, with fine quarries of sand, lime, and other stone, with plenty of coal and of excellent quality, and a plentiful pasturage. Our view was a bird's eye view, and yet we improved it fully, and we unhesitatingly say that the Indian Territory is the finest wild or undeveloped country we ever saw, and we have visited all of the States and Territories, east and south of Colorado, Utah, and New Mexico. We saw many fine streams of water, among which the Verdigris, North and South Canadian, the Arkansas, and Red rivers were the most notable.

We crossed the Red river at 2:15 p. m., the 18th, and entered Texas, changing cars at Dennison for Houston, via the H., T. & C. R. R. From Dennison to Dallas we passed through a fine farming country, with many flourishing towns; from Dallas to Houston night shut out the view. We entered Houston at 8:45 a. m., on Sunday, the 19th of March, 1876, in the midst of a terrific northeaster, the wind reaching a speed equal to sixty miles an hour, the rain falling in torrents, the heavens ablaze with lightning, and one continuous roar of heaven's heavy artillery. Glad, indeed, were we to reach a stopping place. This storm continued until 3:30 p. m., then it came off cold, and we had, on Monday, the 20th of March, the coldest day of the year 1876, thus far. Tuesday morning, at 7 o'clock, the ground was white with frost, and we saw ice one-eighth of an inch thick.

On Tuesday, the 21st, at 9:50 a. m., we left Houston for Galveston, the city by the sea. From Houston to Galveston we passed over a broad prairie country, very wet, indeed, nearly covered with water, entering Galveston at one o'clock, p. m.

We spoke twice in Houston, once on Sunday evening and again on Monday evening. On Tuesday evening we spoke in Ryland chapel, Galveston, to over one hundred people, giving many fine tests, and meeting with warm friendly greeting. Indeed, we are more than pleased with our reception thus far, and feel that we are to do a good work in organizing our forces here in Texas.

Many friends have taken us by the hand, bidding us God speed, saying, "We loved to read your department in the R.-P. Journal," but when Mr. Jones came out with those fearful charges against you we were grieved, and gave you up as lost to our cause, and wed to Moses Woodhullism, as Mr. Jones interpreted it; but now that we have heard Mrs. Woodhull, Mrs. Colby, and yourself, our judgment is reversed, and we bid you welcome; and you have warm friends in Texas who will be glad to take you by the hand and work with you in our holy cause."

And here we now tender our thanks to Col. Paul Bremond, Judge McDonald, Bro. Bristol Talbot, and Mrs. Colby, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Woodhull, and others, for good words spoken in our behalf; and especially to Mrs. Woodhull, for not speaking evil of Mr. Jones, or others, who have bitterly abused her. And her only defamers are now to be found in the religious press and the R.-P. Journal.

We find here in Texas persons to whom Mr. Jones has written, advising them of the coming of Mrs. Colby and E. V. Wilson, as well as others, who dare to disapprove of his unmanly and unwarranted abuse of his peers, and these letters were not friendly to us, but advised this people to be guarded in regard to us. But the tide has turned and the victory is ours, and in our triumph we have no disposition to abuse; we pity the wretch who is compelled to wallow in his own mire.

In our next we will speak of our work in Texas more fully.

Galveston, Texas, March 23, 1876.

1776—1876—1976.

THE GREAT CENTENNIAL SPIRITUAL CAMP-MEETING.

The Northern Illinois Association of Spiritualists will hold a grand Camp-meeting on the Winnebago County Fair Grounds, Rockford, Ill., commencing on Wednesday, June 7, 1876, at 2 o'clock, p. m., and will hold over Sunday, the 11th, five full days, during which every attention will be paid to the wants of those attending the Camp-meeting. Tents will be pitched on Monday and Tuesday, the 5th and 6th of June. Provisions will be furnished at the lowest market price. The grounds are enclosed with a substantial fence; the gates will close at 10 o'clock, p. m., and open at 6 o'clock, a. m., sharp, each day during the session of the camp-meeting. There will be an efficient police force for maintaining order, night and day.

The best talent in the land will be placed upon the platform, as speakers, singers, and mediums.

Meals will be furnished at the eating-room, on the ground, at the lowest possible rates. There will be no liquor or beer stalls tolerated on the grounds. All temperance beverages and refreshments will be furnished on the Camp-grounds, under the direction of the Business Committee.

The Fair Grounds will accommodate 15,000 people. Full arrangements will be made for cheap fares on the railroads connecting with Rockford, of which notice will be given in due time.

There will be a news stand for the sale of Spiritual and Liberal literature. All hawking or peddling of goods of any kind will be prohibited on the camp ground.

Families with tents can enjoy every home comfort they may desire.

These grounds are beautifully shaded and watered, are of easy access by rail or carriage, and are located in the vicinity of one of the finest cities of Illinois.

Spiritualists of Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, Indiana, and Michigan, we specially invite all of you to come to our Fourth Annual and First Grand Centennial Camp-meeting. Come with your home social influences, with plenty of bedding, with hampers filled with provisions; come with tents large enough for others besides yourselves. Come with your souls full of love and your brains freighted with wisdom. Come up to our First Centennial Camp-meeting, and let

us have "a flow of soul and a feast of reason." Our platform will be a free one, and free speech will be tolerated; this, however, grants no license to do wrong, or warrants the use of abusive language.

By order of the N. Ill. A. of Spiritualists.

J. O. HOWARD, M. D., Pres.

E. V. WILSON, Sec.

Lombard, Ill., March 14, 1876.

We, the undersigned, Committee of Ground Arrangements for the Camp-meeting, fully endorse the above programme.

Done at Rockford, Ill., March 19, 1876.

E. SMITH,

FRED. H. BARNARD,

A. H. FISHER.

GREETINGS.

[The following greetings were sent by the Spirits to the N. Ill. A. of Spiritualists, while in session at Rockford, Ill., January, 1876. They were detained in the mail, hence not read. We received them on the 22d.]

To the Northern Ill. Ass'n of Spiritualists, now in session at Rockford, Ill.:

We, of the Eternal Order of Progress, from the Circle of Light, send greetings this day, the 14th of the 1st month of the year 1876.

Peace and good will be among you, and love in your hearts toward one another, this day, and all others.

Sisters and Brothers all, for what purpose are ye here? We now ask you, and would have you pause and ask yourselves. Have ye assembled yourselves together as living members of the great whole, *en rapport* with the law of life, and thus prepared to join hands with us, your sisters and brothers, in this Circle of Light (where all is love and harmony), and work with us, in carrying out and demonstrating upon Earth, among the daughters and sons of God, the fundamental laws of life—"eternal principles," and which *all* should know and understand, and carry on through themselves this evolutionary law of life, growth and unfoldment, and thus become one with God, the Father and Mother Nature. This is truly the progressive age; let none stand idly by, with folded hands, waiting to see results; know that all such shall be swallowed up, trampled upon, in this great march of progression now in your midst, to-day! Therefore, *concentrate* your minds upon the great work before you; stay not to throw stones, for who is perfect among you? Work out your own salvation, and lift up those around you, and perfect the temple now in process of building, by each filling the niche by nature designed; and in this way avoid all noise, confusion, and inharmony.

Friends of Earth, do you realize where you are in this stage of progressive unfoldment? Know ye that you are now passing through the lower or first sphere of Spirit life? Therefore, buckle on your armor, that no poisoned shaft of the enemy may reach you and cause any of you to turn aside; press boldly on, and fearlessly proclaim and *live* the truth, according to the light within you, and keep this light trimmed and burning, for many dark places are yet to be passed over, and darker grow by the ignorance of friends around you, who, for fear of consequences, will not open their eyes to see, and thus throw dark shadows upon *your* path; but fear not, Truth must and will prevail, and though you are surrounded by foes, in and out of the body, press on, and join with us, and hasten the day on Earth, when *all* shall know the truth as it is, and was from the beginning, and ever shall be.

Remember, also, friends, that ye are surrounded by prison-bound spirits, *in* passing through the dark spheres, where now ye are, and minister unto them also, and lift them up as we, from our sphere, would aid you, and *through* you them. These are those who are in darkness from no sin of their own, or from no act of their own, but who, through ignorance and violation of the law of life, occupy these spheres, and have now to learn through you, who have progressed beyond them, how to progress, and who, through you, must see the light from within you. Who among you, assembled here this day, realizes this fearful responsibility? Could your eyes be opened up to discern all about you, and to behold the crowd of *living* witnesses waiting to receive, even the crumbs of truth, there would be the hush of death among you, and you would feel the great and fearful responsibility resting upon your words.

Therefore, friends, remember, that as ye assemble together, so do we in the Spirit life; and as each progressive thought finds utterance and falls upon good ground, we rejoice with you, and can also nearer approach you. Do not repel us from you by dissension and discord in your midst; help us to come nearer and nearer, till, in perfect rapport with the Circle of Light and Wisdom, you also shall understand the true law of life, and through yourselves, *en rapport* with Nature's law of unfoldment, solve the grand problem of life.

This, sisters and brothers, is the work of your age. Will you assist or retard this great work? Ask yourselves, now, this question—What am I doing to aid; am I in the right or wrong? Lift up your hearts, each one of you, and we will draw near, as that is our work, to teach all who will receive the truth. Judge ye not one another; live true to your own souls; mistakes are made in this great battle of life and truth, but the debris of error and ignorance will all be cleared away, and all shall walk in the broad and open highway of truth.

Friends, remember also this, that in your present sphere you are surrounded by dark and evil disposed spirits, who have left the Earth form filled with bitterness and hatred towards all, have the same feelings still, and in their present form have greater power to injure and destroy. Think of this, and then shrink from yourselves, as every unkind thought, every discordant note among you, only brings you in rapport with these dark and evil spirits, and they have power over you, and even power to deceive the true and faithful ones. Pray without ceasing, when you can fully comprehend this, and leave not the door open to this class, that are now in your midst. Life at this stage of unfoldment is truly a battle, for ye fight not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against Spiritual wickedness in high places.

Take heed, friends, and fully understand your surroundings; think, live, and act each day and hour, so as to draw these far above these evil ones, who would fain crush and hold you all to their level. Again, if ye have enemies in the Earth form, they come into rapport with them, and thus strengthen and sustain them in their designs upon you. Think and ponder well these things, and wonder not at your non-success at times, when you rise not above these conditions. Draw near to us, that we may have greater power to aid! Many we see among you whose souls have been quickened into life from receiving the truth that is now in your midst, seeking entrance into all hearts. Preserve well this living germ, that it may, in all your hearts, bring forth its fruit a hundred fold.

Our peace and love be with you all, and the next time you meet, we'll come with greater power, and assist you all to maintain the right. We would fain have you join us, and let us work together from this time henceforth, truly, sisters and brothers, in this great work of love, proclaiming truth to all.

Will you accept this message from the Circle of Light? By so doing, we will come in rapport, and as your hearts accept these truths a pentecostal season will follow, and our Band with you shall be truly a band of workers, and success shall crown your efforts evermore.

JOHN, THE ILLUMINATOR.

of the Eternal Order of Progress.

For the Band, to you all.

IT IS NOW TWENTY MONTHS

Since we started THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK and we have published forty numbers, giving the reader first class reading matter twice a month, matter free from personalities, spleen, or abuse, and yet we personally have been under fire all of the time; and now that we are on the last quarter of our second volume, we feel that we are warranted in calling on our subscribers to come to our help and send us \$2 each, this will place our paper on a sure footing for one year more, once in two weeks.

Reader, we mean each one of you who reads this article, come, help sustain the best and truest Spiritual paper ever published in the West. Terms, \$1.10 for 26 numbers.

This is No. 40 of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, and full of good things, worthy of careful reading. And when you have read it fully, carefully, give it to your neighbor and ask him to subscribe. Terms, \$1.10 for 26 numbers.

We call attention to the call for a Camp-meeting, in another column.

Test Department.

Every statement in this department can be depended on as strictly true and without exaggeration. We must not only have the name of the medium through whom the test may be given, but we must have reliable proof of the truth of such statements.

THE TEST.

We present our readers, in this number of our paper, with a chapter of remarkable tests.

No. 1. At Minneapolis. To a lady. We see with you a spirit, it is a woman, full thirty years old; she has in the past been a source of trouble to you, and was the cause of serious difficulty between you and others, and came very near breaking up two families by her influences; she informs me that she done you a grievous wrong seventeen years ago this fall—1875—and that she is compelled to come before you and make this confession. We then gave a careful description of the spirit, who said her name was Mercie.

The lady replied, "The statement you have made is a very remarkable one, and involves important family history, and I do not care to have my name or the name of my family appear in connection with your statement, and yet the statement is true in every particular. I am not a Spiritualist, know but little about Spiritualism, have considered it a delusion, or at best a species of mind reading, and in no way related with our Spiritual existence hereafter; I do not pretend to understand the law of spirit control, or how you get these things. One thing is certain, I was thinking of matters foreign to these things that you have told me; it may be that Spirit does it; you could not guess name, date, history, and incident as well or give accurate description of this woman, her death, age, and relation to me; there is in it something I do not understand, I am not satisfied that it is Spirit, I wish I was."

"May we publish this statement?" we asked.

"Yes, provided you do not use my name."

"Will you come to our meeting this evening?"

"No, I do not care too; I am not a Spiritualist."

"But how can you pass by such evidence as this we gave you, and have no sympathy with the law and the testimony?"

"Well, I do not care anything about the future, either from your standpoint or that of the church; I live to-day, I require means with which to live, I possess them, and I have more interest in this life, to-day, to-morrow, and the associations belonging thereto, than I have in anything else; please let us drop the subject, I do not care to talk about it."

No. 2. To a lady in Chicago, March 12, 1876, and in the presence of two hundred people, we said: There is with you a spirit, it is a woman, she is on her knees at your feet, with her face buried in your lap, she is excited and is weeping convulsively; she now looks up and turns her face toward me, it is the face of a fine-looking girl, not over seventeen years old, the face is oval, well-formed, complexion clear, hair dark brown, eyes full, dark hazel, and humorous, she is well built, of medium height, weight not far from one hundred and twenty pounds. She drops her face into your lap and weeps, her whole nature is intensely excited; she now stands up and throws her arms around your neck and kisses you, leans her head upon your shoulder and weeps in great excitement; she lifts her head, her eyes are swollen with much weeping, her hair, which is long and brown, hangs loose about her face and neck, and she says to me:

"Twenty-one years ago this woman sheltered me, saved me, and cared for me in the darkest hour of my life, saved me from that which was worse than death—a life of shame, sorrow, and disgrace. Oh, my mother! my more than mother!" she exclaimed, then throwing her arms around the woman's neck, she kissed her excitedly, exclaiming, "Bless you, my sister, my friend, my saviour." Then looking up to us, she said imploringly, "Tell her all you see and hear, it is true, all, true." She then leaned her head on the shoulder of the woman and wept.

For some little time we hesitated. "Why will you hesitate? Are you afraid that you are mistaken? I tell you it is true." We then related the above. The woman looked at us a few seconds, and then replied:

"I do not recognize anything of the kind, belonging to the past in my life."

This was a damper. The spirit was more

surprised than we were at the denial. A lady who sat on the right of the woman with whom we saw this wonderful scene, touched her with the hand, they whispered together a few moments, and the woman shook her head.

The spirit then said to us, "Ask her if she did not shelter a girl in her hour of trial, twenty-one years ago." We did so, and the woman replied:

"Yes, I took in and cared for a young woman at the time you refer to; it was far from here, and in the Old World; but she is not dead that I know of; I have not heard from her in many years."

"Madam, do you recognize the woman we describe as resembling the one you sheltered? And are the statements in regard to time, the age of the girl, correct?"

After a moment's reflection, the woman replied, "Yes, you are quite correct."

A Voice—"Is the description of the girl correct?"

"Yes, it is as good as I could give it; but I have not thought of her for years, and do not know of her death."

No. 3. Same meeting. There sat near the woman referred to, a large portly man, weight full two hundred pounds, complexion very fair, head large, face full and round. There came and stood with him the spirit of a woman, she was young, not older than seventeen or eighteen years, she was very dark, features long, nose Roman, eyes large and very dark, hair long and black, form spare, of medium height, shoulders sloping; in no respect did she resemble the man by whom she stood. After looking at him for a few moments she turned to us, saying, "This is my brother; how changed!" We then related to the man all that we had seen, carefully rendering the description as it appeared to us; after a moment he answered:

"I once had a sister, such as you have described; she was unlike any other member of the family; she was much attached to me; she is dead; it is my sister."

No. 4. To a lady. Madam, there is with you a spirit woman; she is very large, weighing full two hundred pounds, is very fair, indeed a blonde; she claims to be your aunt, and impresses me that you was a pet and favorite with her. What do you know of her?

"Nothing; I never had such an aunt."

We repeated the description carefully.

The lady answered, "You are wrong this time, Mr. Wilson; I know no such person, and never had any such aunt."

The spirit aunt seemed much surprised and evidenced no little anxiety at the woman's failure to identify her. She (the spirit) then said to me, "I will tell her many things of her past life which she cannot fail to recognize. Tell her that six years ago there occurred an incident that changed the whole surroundings of her life."

We did so, and the woman said, "You are right, it is true."

The spirit then referred to her fortieth year, thirty-second year, twenty-fifth, twentieth, seventeenth, eleventh, and seventh years of life, giving marked incidents, all of which the woman admitted were strictly true.

"Now," said the spirit, "do you recognize me?"

"No, I do not," replied the lady.

The spirit stood as if in thought a moment, then turned, saying, "I am aunt Sally."

"I do not know her," said the woman.

Again the spirit reflected for a moment, and then said, "Tell her that before her time, before she was born, there occurred a terrible incident in her father's family involving the life of one of the brothers of her father." We saw it all, but care not to tell it now.

The woman replied, "You are right; such an incident or circumstance took place before I was born, and which I have heard related by my father's people; it involved the life of my father's brother. And yet I do not recognize this woman you have described."

Reader, there is a world of thought in this test. We forget here, do we, as spirits, forget hereafter? Will the wife remember the husband and forget the son? May not a nameless child grow to adulthood in Spirit life, under the loving care of some ministering angel, and never know who its Earth parents or relatives were? There is a world of facts for us to learn of the future, which we have not yet dreamed of in our investigations. Come, then, and let us reason together, and compare notes, and establish standard rules of thought, life, action, that we may get at the truth.

We gave forty-seven tests on Sunday evening, in Grow's Opera House, as important as these we have related, and that, too, in the presence of full two hundred witnesses, and there is no notice taken of them in the daily papers. Why? Because there is no unity or harmony of action with us; each for him or herself, and if you do not see as I do then you are a humbug.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

All of our exchanges are on hand, full of good things; we say all. We have not seen the *Christian Spiritualist* since January, 1876. What is the matter, Bro. Watson, we are not dead yet?

The Spiritualists of Chicago are doing a good work; two Societies, with fair attendance, good speaking from intelligent speakers.

The mediums in Chicago are fully employed and giving many fine tests; among whom Bastian and Taylor, Dr. Witheford, and Laura Morgan are taking the lead in physical phenomena; Mrs. Crocker as a test business medium, Mrs. DeWolf as a seer and test medium, have few equals and no superiors; the Bangs family are doing a good work, giving many fine tests. There are many fine mediums in private families who are faithful workers and helpers in the onward march of our cause.

We are in receipt of a bound volume of the *Christian Spiritualist*, and the more we read it the better we like it. We are under obligations to Bro. Bennett of the *Truthseeker*, for a bound volume of the *Truthseeker* tracts. Bro. Bennett is a sharp reasoner, an earnest worker and an honest man, and we rejoice at his success.

We call attention to our new book, *The Truths of Spiritualism*, 12mo, 400 pages, neatly bound in cloth; a rare volume, full of tests, and every statement capable of proof; price, \$2, postage, about 20 cents. Every reader of THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK should send for this book at once.

We have for sale the *New Gospel of Health*, price \$2.50, bound in cloth; \$1.50, bound in paper. Also, the *Sixteen Crucified Saviors*, by K. Graves, price, \$2; *The Truths of Spiritualism*, price, \$2; *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK*, 26 numbers for \$1.10. We send all of these books to one order, and THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK for one year, for \$7.50, free of postage.

Spiritualists of America, we call on you to remember THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK and send us subscribers. We need your help; for twenty months we have published this paper, in the face of the bitter spirit of opposition, of hate and spleen, of jealousy, and that, too, with no help from the outside world. Give us "\$40,000 paid-up capital," and we will publish a sixteen-page paper in the interests of Spiritualism, and not bankrupt the concern in twelve months.

We call on our subscribers to come to our help; renew at once; send us \$1.10, each of you; call on your neighbor and get him to subscribe. Do not overlook this call, or carelessly pass it by. We were never in need of money more than we now are.

Mr. E. V. Wilson lectured last night at Perkins Hall; the audience that heard him were all delighted with his remarks, whether they subscribed to them or not. For twenty-five years he has been a close student of the phenomena and doctrines of Spiritualism, and being a gentleman of fine ability, it would be strange if he was not interesting and entertaining. He will lecture again next Sunday, morning and night, and give a seance in the afternoon.—*Houston Telegraph*, March 26.

We have on hand, for sale, *THE NEW GOSPEL OF HEALTH*, 520 pages, 120 illustrations, neatly bound in cloth, price, \$2.50, postage, 35 cts.; paper, \$1.25, postage, 25 cts.

THE WORLD'S SIXTEEN CRUCIFIED SAVIORS, 380 pages, bound in cloth, price, \$2.

WILCOX'S APPROACHING CONFLICT, price, 75 cts., postage, 20 cts.

JOHN BAKEWELL'S SERMON, reviewed by E. V. Wilson, price, 10 cts., postage, 2 cts.

Also one year of *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK*, 26 numbers, 208 pages of the best reading matter ever published in Spiritualism. Price, \$1.10.

We will send all the above to one order for \$6.25, postage paid, not including the paper-bound *New Gospel of Health*.

LOVE.

BY DR. JOHN LORD.

O what is Love! I asked
A venerable sage,
Whose hoary locks and bending form
Showed seventy years of age;

A man whose deepest secrets knew,
Had watched this changing life,
Had tested all the pleasures known,
And mixed in angry strife.

— Love, he replied, in accents mild,
With earnest, glancing eyes,—
Love! 'tis a mystery none can know,
Though he inhabit skies.

With holy angels it may dwell,
A sentiment so pure
That no bewitching mortal charms
The lofty soul can lure.

And yet it is a spark so fierce
That oaks before it burn,
And even cinders, hard and cold,
To blazing coals return.

'Tis blazing strange, and yet 'tis true,
The goddess we do seek,
Unbidden comes, in unknown forms,
Our higher wants to meet.

She may be clothed in garments old,
She may be young and fair,
She may be sad with sorrows dire,
Or bowed with toil and care.

Whatever be the guise she wears,
As syren, friend, or saint,
Whate'er the feelings she inspires,
Which raise our souls, or taint—

Whether we sport in calm repose,
Or roam in dire unrest,
Or glow with raptures, when the soul
Is in her presence blessed.

Yet certain this—that love is near,
When eyes enkindle bliss,
And whether right or whether wrong,
We crave the blessed kiss.

— This may be true, I blushing said,
But surely not the goal
Of that, I ween, which lives and glows
Eternal in the soul.

Exalted love no lasting joys
In mortal transport finds,
The ties which bind eternally
Our sympathetic minds—

Soaring to reach exalted aims
In every noble field,
And when the only contest is
Which one shall soonest yield.

From the Chicago Times.

SPIRITUALISM.

A PHILOSOPHICAL VIEW AND AN "ORTHODOX" VIEW OF THE PHENOMENA.

THE PROOF OF A POST-MORTEM LIFE.

TO THE EDITOR: Nearly twenty years have elapsed since our dull materialistic ears caught the first echo of Spiritual sound in proof of a post-mortem life. In the interim, new phases of the phenomena have sprung into expression with activities fertile, we believe, in objective realities. Materialization, whatever its psychical methods may be, is the crowning glory of modern Spiritualism; the last metamorphosis of biological science, and is destined, ere long, to effect many radical and startling changes in the philosophical ideas of the world, of mind and matter.

In controversial philosophy, it may be urged that this manifestation is too material for spirit, however radical and highly attenuated changes may occur in the infinitesimal co-ordinations of those aggregations of atoms called matter and force. The fact of materialization once established (it is our conviction that it is), the indissolubility of matter and spirit is proven beyond question or doubt, and death becomes a mere matter of chemical decay, evolving another form, having all the physical unities of motion, supplemental to the crude workshop of the Darwinian (?) body. "Howbeit?" This is the great question that puzzled the thinking Sadducees, nor Paul, nor Jesus, could explain, while Christianity has been forever repeating the maxim, "Except ye be born again," etc., making a mere psychological emotion, commonly called *conversion*, stand as the *sine qua non* of the immortal configuration of a newly-born inhabitant of another world. Now matter is the necessary concomitant of spirit, as force is the necessary accompaniment of matter, and all three constitute an active co-relation, whose hidden springs project the visible world into the architectural beauty of living things. The great Faraday always insisted we could form no conception of matter, other than by the forces that surround it. This law is just as true of the living as of the non-living world. In the living world the scientist finds that every part of organic structures teem with life, an aggregation of cells with a nucleus. The most empirical stop here, content with what the microscope reveals, while the Spiritualist carries the analysis of primitive cells to higher and more refined centers of motion, and since motion is a quality of matter, and mind the highest quality of all principles and powers, the central motor of the universe, it is evident, in view of the phenomena of materialization, that the same law of unity that prevails in the structures of the organic world, physiological and morphological, extends to and through a series of mechanical and chemical evolutions, even in a post-mortem life. Agassiz once said, "It is difficult to conceive of a plane of life where mind can manifest its power without brains through which to operate. If the doctrine of immortality be true, we can form no conception of a future life and its necessary environments, except we shape the conception, and express it in terms of matter. It is folly to conceive of a rational soul, without the physical accompaniments of motion. Life as a quantity is known to us in my-

riads of organizations; as a quality, we simply see its effect in disturbing an equilibrium, resolving gravity and cohesive force into angular and lateral activities, and so far as gross materialism is concerned, it passes in endless transubstantiation through the evolving series of all living species, while the dynamic points that really construct and build up the organism, through electro-capillary attraction in cellular tissue, are beyond the pale of any philosophy except the dynamism of phenomenal Spiritualism. It were just as easy for nature to co-ordinate her motions, under the stimulus of mind, into a more sublimated body, by and through the chemical emanations of the corporeal change at death, as it is to evolve a form in embryo from the original microcosm, the structural unit of all future change."

Many philosophers argue that the objective world is merely a show, a shadow, whose very existence depends entirely on the constant action and interaction between the external world and internal life. Materialization proves this proposition, because that which once lived and propelled the physical form, as it walked the earth, returns and groups these molecular physical unities into objective forms, the crystallization of which is sensible to the sight, sound, and touch of mortals, and this is true of every phase of the phenomena.

The writer is aware that in the theory of "unconscious cerebration," an ingenious hypothesis may be framed, which may prove entirely satisfactory to that class of minds who have not given this science a thorough investigation. In this, that believers, honest in the conviction that spirits have, and do communicate, gather together with the ecstatic feelings of enthusiasts, their strong affectional natures long to communicate with the "dear departed;" this feeling becomes an emotion that strains every nerve-center to its fullest tension, is entirely sensuous, and the counterpart of a Shaker meeting, a Moody and Sankey revival, its subjects all having the "Kentucky jerks," a reflex of the psychological expenditure of nerve-aura, and which no more rises to the heights of pure intellect than the Voodoo ceremony of the African, or the emotional gesticulations of an excited monkey!

All these are but *modes* of mental motion, a stimulus to higher activities of thought, and are found to prevail most extensively among the lower grades of intellect. The "Unconscious Cerebrationist" may hold that the odic force becomes so strong and positive as to take entire control of millions of nerve-centers in a circle where an equation of magnetic force is established, the medium being the mean center of correlation, radiates or gives off the superadded particles emanating from such circle in the form of spectra, sufficiently material in outline to produce an impression of the figure on the sensorium of each individual member of the circle simultaneously.

This *neuro-cephalic ganglion theory* is too far-fetched, and will not stand the scrutiny of a keen observer in experimental tests; we regard it as much more the creature of fancy and impossibility than the theory which frankly admits and accepts the phenomena as the voluntary emergence of an individualized spirit into objective reality and mundane activity. If these materializations are mere spectral emanations from the medium, they would invariably be the exact counterpart of the medium, since the medium is the conserving agent, receiving from the circle what he or she gives off in spectral form, more or less concrete. The fact is, these materializations are as concrete and perfect, where unexposed to the chemical and mechanical action of strong light, as was the original physical form. By the law of atomic attraction in organisms, molecular changes must obey the law of morphological contour. The fluidic body of the spirit, possessing, as it does, all the vital centers of motion, can take on the magnetic emanations from the circle through the medium. Each correspondent center of motion takes on and weaves its tissue through the same law of electro-capillary attraction that governs the inter-cellular growth of corporeal tissue. In fine, it is but another expression of uterine growth; a spirit-chemist stands as the director of the formative process, whereby a spirit becomes temporarily incarnated in the shifting envelope of differential aggregations of matter correlated from the invisible unities of the magnetic flow, with new motions set up in the atoms, corresponding to the dynamic points of the spirit.

Dr. Priestly, the discoverer of oxygen, and an eminent physicist, controls Dr. Witheford, 188 West Madison street. He declares that the present manifestations are but the first faint whisperings of an intelligent power that will, in a few years, carry all before it. Dr. Witheford is a surgeon, is not fanatical, and uses his mediumship for the furtherance of scientific investigation. In his presence voices from materialized spirits address their friends in audible whispers, giving tokens of identity, sometimes uttered in foreign languages—German, French, Spanish, Danish, and Italian—all of which, with a single exception, we have the solemn asseveration of the medium that he never learned, and these same are also written out on paper without mortal contact.

Educated materialists may regard this review of Spiritual philosophy as a wire-drawn argument, on the assumption, *a priori*, that it is contrary to the observed order of nature. Unfortunately, these will not place themselves in a position to observe. Ecclesiasticism is as dumb and silent in regard to the philosophy of these phenomenal facts as the statues along the marble corridors of the Vatican. If they happen to attend one seance, they go as expectant

detectives, believing that Spiritualists are ready to garnish the trickery of mediums, or are consummate fools. Having measurably succeeded in destroying the mental equilibrium of the circle, they depart, feeling that the spirits cannot work in the presence of such sapient brains as theirs. Undoubtedly the small cerebrum, and the conical pitch of the cerebellum, is quite as common to the one class as the other; the former, however, is cognizant of the phenomenal fact, having been drilled under the universal law of the "condition" of Spiritual things, while the latter is self-deceived with unwise conceits. A rational university will investigate thoroughly any and every class of phenomena before pronouncing an opinion. This is the most intricate problem that ever engaged the attention of man. The great majority of outspoken believers are compelled to accept it as a matter of simple faith in what they see and hear, rather than any hypothesis of science that comes within the domain of established fact, in the concrete school of physics. Some there are, however, who can draw aside the veil that conceals metaphysical certainties, and co-operate with the physical side of life through media, in projecting their friends into *tangible* certainty much more easily and scientifically than Darwin and Huxley can trace the descent of man from the quadrumania of the tertiary epoch. The alternations of the systole and diastole of nature are broad and deep and high. There are fairer fields, and grander discoveries in unexplored domains the imminent latency of which is dimly outlined in these eccentric and concentric manifestations of life, than have appeared in the changing scenes of the miserly economy of nature since the æsthetic Greeks reared the foundation stones of the Delphic temple and its oracle. This was an epoch of occult expansion which at last culminated in the doctrines of the Alexandrian school of philosophy. This long diastole having passed away, phenomenal Spiritualism was lost sight of in the high neutral abstractions of Plato and the dynamism of Aristotle. Afterward feebly revived among the Jews, through the mediumship of Jesus and the apostles, misunderstood by nearly all, except the Gnostics, whom the Christian despoilers finally destroyed, in the sixth century, the dark ages setting in, well nigh merged the rational soul into the low sentient emotions of the inferior animals, from which the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries will scarcely have recovered and restored to the heights of Spiritual culture among these ancient civilizations.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, the strong world may set her face as a flint against the dynamism of these occult forces, it cannot stop or control them, and any effort to reduce them to a system or rigid classification in biology, were as futile as chasing fleeting shadows over the plain, because they are the physical accompaniments of mind. Mind is the impelling motor of an unseen universe that operates in individual units of force, the same being raised to the universal law of reciprocity that co-ordinates all powers and forms into an infinite correlation, wherein all are gods, "omnipresent factors of one differential cosmos," wherein all are, wisely or unwisely, consciously or unconsciously, commanding the ever-present and planning for the ever-to-be destinies of the universe.

ALEX. G. DONNELLY.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

MAUD E. LORD.

BRO. WILSON: I herewith send you my experiences in two seances with Mrs. Maud E. Lord. As our Capitol City is strongly orthodox, and Spirit manifestations are hardly known here, I conceived the idea that a change might be good; therefore I communicated with Mrs. Lord in regard to visiting this place, and found that prospects were favorable, so made arrangements accordingly.

Our first seance, held Monday evening, Feb. 14th, at the house of Dr. C. F. Harrington, was composed mostly of believers in the phenomena of Spiritualism, but the greater part of our number had never witnessed physical manifestations. I think it hardly necessary to give the particulars of forming the circle, suffice it to say that, no sooner were the lights extinguished than hands were distinctly felt, and the presence of our angel friends was recognized by all present. The doctor's little boy, Clarence, (four years of age,) was taken from his lap and carried across the circle and placed in the lap of a lady, and in a short time was replaced with his father again. Watches were taken from the pockets of those present and carried about the room. There were parents there who had a daughter in the Spirit Land, and when she inhabited the form she used to take great pleasure in combing her father's hair. She came back with those same peculiarities, and smoothed down the silvery locks of her good old father, and when the lights were produced there were two combs upon his head.

Voices of our dear departed friends were distinctly heard, giving us words of cheer, advising us in our daily walks of life; in fact, tests and communications, quite satisfactory to all present, were given.

We left the circle of Spirit communion feeling that to live a pure and upright life would bring us nearer that condition of true happiness when we lay aside the mortal form.

Mrs. Lord was quite anxious to reach Chicago Tuesday, the 15th, but was prevailed upon to stay until the night train and give another seance in the evening, which was held in the parlors of Dexter Curtiss. The circle being composed partly of some of our most positive skeptics, who made very light of such manifestations; but I can truly say they were not long in the presence of Mrs. Lord ere their joking mirthfulness was changed to a more serious condition of mind, and one of our prominent business men (soon after our seance had begun and we had got a few manifestations) called for an intermission, and it was granted. The said gentleman was soon missing from among our number.

The power and intelligence manifested was remarkable. The Spirit child, that never breathed a breath while in the form, came back to its parents and gave undoubted evidence of its existence and the manner of its transit into Spirit life. The self-murderer came and spoke to us in a manner that created sympathy. He implored his friends to live an upright life; said he was a dastard and not worth being remembered by his family, gave some wonderful manifestations of strength in tearing the buttons off his friends' clothing, at their request. This and many others, equally wonderful, were given. While this was going on, the medium was patting her hands and generally in conversation with some one in the circle. At intervals during the evening we got sweet music from the guitar and music box, as they were floating over our heads, and occasionally the phosphorus lights were visible to all in the room.

And now, friends of humanity, if there is progress, if there is any development and growth, here is the very foundation from whence it must begin. The invisible intelligences of Heaven are to-day walking up and down this earth, seeking the channels to work the great and needed reform.

To the friends of this beautiful theory, and all who will investigate, I will say, if you wish to secure the services of one who is reliable, of one who will leave with you a lasting impression, and elevate you to a higher condition of life, secure the services of Mrs. Maud E. Lord.

I cannot close this communication without speaking of Dr. C. F. Harrington. He has been practicing in this city for the past four years, with unbounded success, treating clairvoyantly and magnetically, and I appeal to suffering humanity to try this healing power and get relief.

Yours, for truth,

W. E. WHELOCK.

Madison, Wis., Feb. 20, 1876.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

HOW ARE SPIRITS OCCUPIED?

BY THOMAS SANBORN.

Before leaving the Earth plane, let us await the forthcoming issue of the "Morning Journal." We have it; a column is headed "The Justice of the Law Vindicated," and immediately we read, "John W. Webster paid the just penalty of his enormous crime at the appointed hour of yesterday. Money, friends, and professional standing were not able to hoodwink the officers of the law." The "Daily Press" informs us of the execution in the following manner, "Justice Triumphant. Law Enforced! * * While we regret that a great and useful citizen should, in the hour of temptation, yield to a sin of inferior degree, we can not find words to express our emotions, when we reflect upon the sad fate of the late Prof. John W. Webster, for he is with us no more."

* * But as we drop the silent tear on his grave, let us give thanks unto Him, who is the author of all justice, that we live in a day when statute law partakes largely of this element, and with a people who appreciate it." The "Christian Advocate," after giving a detailed account of the execution, winds up as follows: "The fate of Webster is not merely a tribute to human law, it is a vindication of divine law, manifesting its majesty and justice."

Sympathy is led captive by veneration to the altar of immolation. Such magnetism repels us, and we seek our Spirit companions. Dr. T., one of our band, and in Earth life one of W.'s personal friends, is engaged in ministering to the necessities of the subject of the late

abortion; and as we contemplate the scene, we inquire, Who has received justice by the act of this execution? Has Parkman? No. It has not restored him to his physical conditions. Have his family, relatives, and friends? No. Whatever has been taken from them by Webster's act has not been replaced by the gallows. Has the public? No. Its loss has been doubled in this fulfillment of law.

And now we hear from Earth the cry, "We would have forgiven him, but duty compelled us to make of him an example for evil-doers." What is duty but a demand of justice? Is it justice unto ten murderers to make the punishment of one for his own crime an atonement for the nine? No. In this instance the one is forgiven his own offense, and punished for the crimes of the nine. "Not so, but to prevent nine from committing like offenses." Does the public justify the individual in resorting to extreme measures in self-defense, when others would have protected him as well? Does the public justify a person in killing his neighbor, because he fears that that neighbor at some time in the future, may prove troublesome? If statute law recognizes the justice of hanging the murderer, in order to protect the public against what the culprit may do in the future, why not hang the person who threatens to kill another? Has not the individual the same right to protection by law as has the public?

We close our ears to such voices and turn our attention to the late victim of the hangman's knot. Heart-broken and in despair, he knows the grief and fears of his wife and children, and longs to comfort them by telling them that God is more merciful than man. He seeks their abode, but disgrace occupies the threshold and debars his entrance. Alas, what havoc! Hope flees, and he sinks beneath the crushing weight of relentless remorse and aimless despair. In Earth life, he would have been called a lunatic; and within the prison walls of some asylum (?) he would have been forsaken and forgotten by former friends and associates. But, for his own and others' sakes we seek means of restoration; more worthy now of our affection and care, because he needs it more; the more incentive to us for exertion in his behalf, because we can now confer the greater benefit; we ceased not until we had induced in him the hope that he could obtain deliverance through his own efforts.

"Can I undo what I have done?" he would ask.

No; but you may be able, if you make persistent effort, to extend the time of some one in Earth life, so that, through your agency, the aggregate duration of human life in the Earth form will not have been lessened.

"Can I bring joy to those hearts which my action has stricken with grief?"

We cannot tell; but you may bring joy to other hearts, that otherwise would be stricken with grief as deep.

Our words had begun the work we desired. Hope returned to cheer our downcast brother. He sought those in Earth life whose forms were wasted by disease, but in vain; he was powerless to replenish. He tried to turn aside the shaft of swift destruction, when directed to a child of Earth; his efforts in this direction were fruitless. Hope seemed again afar off. Providence seemingly frowned upon him, by repeatedly defeating the consummation of his designs; nevertheless he could not wholly consign himself to the fate of despair, while he beheld thousands prematurely ending their Earth career.

While wandering within the precincts of a large manufacturing village, but a few miles distant from his former home, he was accosted by a gentleman, who stated that he had a request to make. Webster informed the stranger that he hoped that he could be of service to him. The stranger continued:

"Doctor, I was cut off from Earth life while yet a young man; scrofula in the stomach did it. My wife and two of our children still remain in Earth life; the younger inherited the disease of which I have spoken, and I know that, unless extraordinary skill is interposed, she must soon share the fate of her father. Will you interpose in her behalf?"

For the first time since that fatal blow, Webster appeared like his former self, as he replied, "Certainly; guide me into her presence."

The stranger grasped his hand, saying, "She is coming; we will go down this street till we meet her."

The subject of this conversation was a young lady, just upon the verge of womanhood; she

was on her way, in company with an acquaintance, to attend a lecture. Suddenly she feels reluctant about proceeding, and despite the entreaties of her companion, she leaves her, and retraces her steps. The Doctor and his companion follow her to her chamber. After a careful examination of her case, the Doctor coincides with her father respecting it.

Here was work to do, and gladly the physician promised to do it. The stranger confided the charge of his "sweety," that her stay on Earth might be prolonged, to one whom the "public" of Massachusetts dared not allow to remain in their midst.

Soon the young lady returned to her home in a neighboring State. Her disease had begun to prey upon her system; in a short time she was obliged to keep her couch. Physicians of every school were called; all pronounced her case incurable. Through mediums, the aid of the Spirit World was invoked, with the same result, except that on one occasion, the information was received that "when the big pale-face doctor brings his medium here your house shall shake by Spirit power, and the squaw may get better."

Seven years have elapsed since the "big pale-face doctor" promised the confiding father that, if possible, he would rescue his daughter from the fate that seemed inevitable. Day by day she has gradually failed. Twice has the "big doctor" succeeded in bringing his medium within a few miles of the residence of his protégé, but no nearer. They who, through sympathy for the father, child, and physician, had stood by them in encouraging and otherwise aiding, were about to fall back, and let the fell disease take its course. In that dark hour none other agonized so keenly as did Webster. All, save four, of his trusted friends had concluded to abandon the case.

"Though," said he, "you forsake me, my pledge is still sacred, and if I follow you I desert my post, which I cannot do. You have bid me hope; you have instructed me to try and work out my own salvation; I have attempted to obey your instructions, and in making such efforts I have felt that happiness was still in store for me. If I shall succeed in my efforts, to you will belong the glory of my redemption; if I fail, God forbid that I should contemplate the ruin that would result to myself. Without your co-operation, I can do nothing; continue to uphold me, and I believe success will surely crown our efforts, and other hearts will rejoice with us."

At length the disheartened ones rallied, and we were soon rewarded with the presence of the person whom Webster had selected for his medium. But the hour of triumph had not yet arrived; lower and lower sank the failing powers of our friend's patient, until it seemed as though Death had completed his work. The glazed, sunken, half-closed eyes are set, the nostrils collapsed, the mouth agape, the pulse motionless, the heart still. Proceedings have already commenced to prepare the form for burial, raiment for the tomb has been brought to hand, the Spirit daughter stands on the very threshold of her higher home.

We had been watching the progress of the case during the day, and this condition was just what we had been anticipating. Webster seemed confident of final success all the while; but most of us attributed his confidence to hallucination. But those who judged him thus were mistaken. The hour of his salvation had come, his arrangements were complete, a few verbal orders to attendants in the flesh, a magic touch, and the old house trembled to its foundations. The spirit resumed its form, and in one week from that time the resurrected daughter walked forth from the room that had been her prison-house for five years.

Nine years have passed since the prison-door was opened to the Spirit stranger's daughter, and she still lives in the enjoyment of physical blessings. Webster is still a companion of the writer, and the day is not far distant when he will again call his medium to the work of wresting from dissolution the form of another. And now, dear readers, as for the present I bid you adieu, consider that Spirit reformers are not idle, though their efforts be not directed to mundane humanity; on their own plane they find a broader field of useful labor.

The curious phenomenon of regelation can be exhibited by placing a block of ice on a netting of fine wire. The ice will be melted by the wire, and passing down through it, will become frozen in a mass again below the wire. A simple wire can, in a similar manner, be drawn slowly through a block of ice, which unites again behind the wire, finally showing no sign of having been cut at all.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

PLAIN FACTS BRIEFLY STATED.

BRO. CHURCH: Although expressing my convictions, freely, firmly, and perhaps bluntly, I mean no disrespect to the opinions of others. Where two differ, one, at least, must be wrong (weak Daniel); to find the cause of difference should be our object. You think it uncomplimentary and I presume, egotistical in me to take a position against all Christendom; that it is uncomplimentary I admit; that it is egotistical is yet to be proven. It was uncomplimentary in our ancestors to assert that this world was round instead of flat; to Catholics, for Protestants to doubt the infallibility of the Pope, and his power to pardon sins; to Protestants, for Spiritualists to doubt vicarious atonement; and to Spiritualists, for me to assert that spirit and matter are interchanging relations, different conditions of the same thing, instead of the supremacy of one over the other. But the question is, what are the facts, whether complimentary to any belief or not?

As you admit I am a learned instructor (no covert sneer intended in this, I presume), please listen to my teachings. We claim that our republic is the best government this world ever produced, and in proof point with just pride to its unprecedented growth, from an infant colony of mother England to a mighty and independent nation, and are preparing to celebrate its first centennial anniversary in a manner fitting to the occasion, and have invited all nations to mingle and participate in our festivities.

Now, if our form of government has produced so much better fruits than the despotic and monarchical governments of the world, is it, or can it be, complimentary to the government of the universe to assert that it is either despotic or monarchical? I say not. But, on the contrary, the universe is a republic, its government republican; all things, visible and invisible, its constituent parts; cause and effect, inseparable and convertible, the powers that govern, in all cases derived from the governed; action, balanced by reaction, the motive power of all; or, in brief, the universe and its government a republic instead of a monarchy.

If you accept these teachings, we agree upon underlying principles, and our deductions must agree, as far as we both follow the rule. If you take issue with this, in favor of supremacy, and assume the province of instructor, please place your teachings in juxtaposition to mine, as comparison is the best test of relative merit. When you have studied the subject as long and devotedly as I have, you will conclude it is easier following beaten paths than breaking new ones, and decidedly more popular with the multitude.

Yours, as ever, **TINNEY.**
Westfield, N. Y.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The meetings of the First Society of Spiritualists, of Philadelphia, are well attended. Just now, Cephas B. Lynn is uttering some seasonable thoughts. Dr. H. T. Child is no longer an officer of the Society. Others have taken his place, and the Board aims, I think to have a large measure of free thought and free speech; but I am not sure that Mrs. Woodhull or Moses Hull would be welcomed on Sunday, though Moses did have the use of Lincoln Hall, in which Spiritualists meet, when he was here several months ago. In my judgment, neither free thought, free trade, free speech, or even free religion and love, can harm intelligent persons, who have been taught to sing Dr. Watts' hymn, which runs thus:

"Seek for truth, where'er it may be found,
On Christian, or on heathen ground."

I had hoped that efforts would be made to hold a National Convention of Spiritualists here during the centennial year; but at present I see no signs of it. The Radical Club, under the presidency of Emma M. Davis, is doing good service here for reform. It urges that the Centennial Exposition be kept open seven days in the week. All nations are to be represented, and the holy day of some is Monday, others, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, and some esteem all days alike. Mrs. Spear presented the following to the Club, which was unanimously passed:

Resolved, That the practice in the courts of Philadelphia and elsewhere, of proposing ques-

tions to women of a domestic and personal character, with a view to weaken their testimony, the like of which are not proposed to men, is grievously unjust, ungentlemanly, and indecent, of which we have recently, in the Brown trial, had a most mortifying exhibition, and forms a part of that public sentiment which demands one moral standard for men and another for women, and we submit that it be reprimanded by the bench and discountenanced by all other officials, thus raising the tone of the general public.

J. M. SPEAR.

Philadelphia, Pa.

A NOVEL CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—An Englishman with rheumatic gout, found this singular remedy a cure for his ailment: He insulated his bedstead from the floor by placing underneath each post a broken-off bottom of a glass bottle. He says the effect was magical, that he had not been free from rheumatic gout for fifteen years, and that he began to improve immediately after the application of the insulators. We are reminded by this statement, says the *Scientific American*, of a patent obtained through this office for a physician some twelve or more years ago, which created considerable interest at the time. The patent consisted in placing glass cups under the bedposts in a similar manner to the above, and the patentee claimed to have effected some remarkable cures by the use of his glass insulators.

The more a stone is wounded by the hand of the engraver, the greater beauty is superinduced thereon.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GRAND OPPORTUNITY FOR KNOWLEDGE.

We will send one copy of Dr. Stone's great work, *The New Gospel of Health*, a book of 519 pages, neatly bound in cloth, containing over 120 illustrations, and one copy of *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK*, for one year, to any new subscriber, for \$3.50, free of postage. We will send Kersey Graves' great work, *The World's Sixteen Crucified Saviors*, 12mo., cloth, 350 pages, price, \$2, and one copy of *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK*, for one year, postage paid, to any new subscriber, for \$3.

We will send both these books and one copy of *THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK*, for one year, to any subscriber, for \$6.25, postage paid.

This is a rare opportunity for valuable investments. We call on our patrons to come to our help. We need it, and you need these books and our paper. Come, help us.

THOSE wishing to consult a private Clairvoyant Medium can do so by calling at No. 976 North Clark street, between the hours of 8 to 11 A. M., and 2 to 5 P. M., either by letter or personal application.

CLAIRVOYANT.

SPIRIT PICTURES. Every Spiritualist should have them. Three of the finest ever published. Money refunded if not as represented. No. 1, *Planchette*. No. 2, *Guardian Spirit*. No. 3, *Specter's Visit*. Thousands have been sold at 50 cents each. To suit everybody, I will send the three for 75 cents, postpaid. Address, CHAS. H. READ, 102 Fourth ave., (up stairs,) Room 1, Pittsburg, Penn.

NOTICE.

The First Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists of Cleveland meets at Temperance Hall, No. 124 Superior street, every Sunday at 7:30 p. m.
L. W. GLEASON, R. Sec. D. S. CRITCHLY, Pres.

MRS. J. A. PROSCH,

33 Lafayette Place, New York. Instruction given in Poetic and Dramatic Reading, Stage business, etc. Terms moderate.

DR. HARRY SLADE,

The reliable and wonderful Test Medium, for several phases of Physical Phenomena; among which are the following, viz., Writing without contact, Playing on Musical Instruments, Moving of Ponderable Matter, Materialization of Spirit forms. No. 18 East 21st street, New York city.

G. W. BALCOM,

Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician. Will answer calls at a distance. Terms \$2 per treatment. Malta, Illinois.

MRS. L. A. CROCKER,

Business and Test Medium, 383 W. Randolph street, Chicago, Ill. Office hours from 9 to 12, and 1 to 5 P. M.

MRS. DEWOLF,

Business, Clairvoyant and Test Medium, 415 West Van Buren street, Chicago, Ill.

J. V. MANSFIELD,

Test Medium, answers sealed letters, at 361 Sixth avenue, New York. Terms, \$3 and 4 three-cent postage stamps. Register your letters.

Mrs. REBECCA MESSENGER,

104 Spring street, Aurora, Kane Co., Ill., (box 1072), Clairvoyant. Diagnosis of Disease, \$1; with prescription, \$1.50; Reading Destiny, 1 hour \$1; by letter, \$1.50. Send age, sex, and money, to insure notice.

DR. C. D. GRIMES, STURGIS, MICH.,

Holds himself in readiness to speak to public assemblies of Spiritualists and Progressives, within reasonable distance. With each Lecture will be delivered an Original Poem.

Address, DR. C. D. GRIMES, Box 452, Sturgis, Michigan.

PSYCHOMETRY.

Power has been given me to delineate character, to describe the mental and spiritual capacities of persons and sometimes to indicate their future, and their best locations for health, harmony and business. Persons desiring aid of this sort will please send me their handwriting, state age and sex, and enclose \$2.

JOHN M. SPEAR,

2210 Mt. Vernon st., Philadelphia, Pa.

Dr. J. C. PHILLIPS, OF OMAHA, WIS.,

The distinguished Psychometrist, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, examines by lock of hair, autograph or photograph; gives advice in regard to business. Those contemplating marriage, and the inharmonious, will do well to consult the Dr., giving age and sex. Brief delineations, \$2; full delineations, with prescription, \$3. Medicine sent by express, if desired.

"I find no greater pleasure than recommending to the public a modest, honest healer." J. O. BARRETT.

"Dr. J. C. Phillips, as a Magnetic Physician, is meeting with good success." E. V. WILSON.

"The best Delineator of Character and Descriptor of Disease I ever knew." W. F. JAMESON.

Dr. J. C. PHILLIPS, Omaha, Wis.

Living Department.

In this Department everything pertaining to the advancement and elevation of woman shall have a place, and our children also; who are to be the men and women of the future. What they will be, depends upon what we now teach them.

BY M. EMERSON WILSON.

Letters and communications for this department must be addressed to *M. Emerson Wilson, Lombard, Illinois*. Mothers, sisters, friends, one and all, send us *living truths*, life experiences of your own souls, and let us live our real selves, our inner life, and seem and be to each other what we really are.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

ORGANIZATION.

BY MRS. L. E. BAILEY.

Out upon the face of Nature,
As I cast my longing eyes,
I am filled with awe and wonder,
Fraught with gladness and surprise,
At the beauty and perfection
Which is seen on every hand;
On the ocean, sea, and river,
O'er the hill-top, vale, and land.

E'en the tiny blades of grasses,
Pointing upward, doth aspire,
In simplicity of action,
For a life yet something higher.
And the flowers in their beauty,
With their love-lit, dreamy eyes,
Are a part of this perfection,
In their blending harmonies.

So the oak and stately pine-tree,
Every leaf and tiny bud,
Have a lesson still unfolding,
Truth in works, through Nature's God.
Forces all are concentrated,
Each combining as one whole,
In variety of structure,
O'er which none has just control.

Mankind only are discordant,
Disunited in their plan,
Scarcely heeding they are brothers
Of one family and clan.
But are laboring in directions
Separate, weary and alone,
Laboring not to make the nation
One harmonious, happy home.

Would we toil to help each other,
Leaving jealousies behind,
All ambitions, envy, slander,
Casting out of every mind,
Spurning not the meek and lowly,
Helping even from the mire
Each unfortunate human being
Who for guidance doth aspire.

Never asks the peaceful river,
Whence it came or whither go,
Yet the shining waters glideth,
Uninstructed where to flow.
And the flowers bloom in forests,
All unseen by mortal eye.
What their mission all unheeding,
Where their sweetest perfumes lie.

Never asks the lonely floweret,
What beside it close shall grow,
Whether tulip, pink, or daisy,
Its companions here below.
But delighting in their mission,
Each gives freely unto you,
Smiling sweetly on each passer,
Whether Heathen, Greek, or Jew.

Order reigns throughout all nature.
Organized its every plan;
Lending grace unto our vision,
Wise examples unto man.
Would we follow out thy teachings,
And thy precepts fair obey,
We would organize our forces,
Waiting not another day.

Cease to wrangle with each other
O'er some personal dislike,
And with charity unbanded,
Clothe the failures of each life.
Thus in unity of action,
Work together with good will,
Then the beauty of our mission
We, as Spiritualists, should fulfill.

Then the world would look upon us,
Spiritualized in every thought,
While with blessings to humanity
Deeds of kindness would be wrought.
None should ask, what good accomplished,
What the angels blest had done?
In our lives exemplified
From our works the answer comes.

For the Spiritualist at Work.

A VISION.

BY MARY M. D. SHERMAN.

The day had been dark and dreary without, and at its close a weariness came over my spirit, causing me to cry out in very anguish for rest, both of body and mind. Throwing myself upon the lounge, I said, "Let me sleep and dream of rest, if nothing more."

Closing my eyes, I felt a soothing influence stealing over me, a quieting of the nerves, and beheld what seemed to me a white cloud, tinted with rose color and amber. It came

slowly and steadily towards me, and upon the stillness of the evening air I heard music, and a low sweet voice accompanying the music. Wondering what was to be unfolded to my enraptured vision, I lay, almost breathless, fearing the scene would vanish. Seemingly from out the cloud, a voice spoke, saying:

"Mother, dear, tired mother, see, I've come for you in my fleecy chariot; enter, and I will give you the change you so much need, and show you scenes which will rest you, and give you food for thought, which will last many days."

I entered the airy conveyance and all weariness left me; I felt light, and joy permeated every fiber of my being. My angel daughter said,

"Mother, you needed change; too long confinement in one direction, or in one locality, dwarfs the mind, causing unrest and disease. Your wailing cry for Spiritual rest, change, and knowledge, brought me to you, if but for a short time."

In our chariot we floated over beautiful gardens, luxuriated in the sweet fragrance of flowers, and inspired the harmonious quiet which pervaded everywhere. As I gazed upon the lovely maiden at my side, I said:

"The death angel bore you from my sensuous vision many years ago, and now you come to me in your womanly dignity, with love and tenderness beaming in your radiant countenance, to cheer and minister unto me, when most I need your soothing presence. Can it be, this transformation!"

And gently I folded my first-born, my only one, to my breast, and felt how holy, how blissful is maternity.

"Listen, mother," said my daughter; and floating downward, we rested near a cottage, and upon the stillness of the air a rich voice sang, "There is rest for the weary," in which my daughter joined, entrancing me with the glory of my situation and surroundings. The music ceased and again it was quiet. The cloud moved on till we came to a garden, when it rested upon a bed of pinks, the perfume of which was sweet and invigorating.

"Here," said my child teacher, "is a lesson for you to learn; 'tis one of the gospels in the great book of Nature, full of beauty, instruction, and knowledge." Taking from a basket at her side a pair of glasses, she placed them upon my eyes, saying, "Behold the homes of spirits; see the work in which they are engaged; view the crystal palaces, velvet lawns, flowering vales; measure, if you can, the length and breadth, the height and depth of the immensity surrounding you in this world, to which you may emigrate when you lay off the swaddling clothes of materiality, because of your love for the beautiful."

Adjusting the glasses closer to my eyes, I said, "Do flowers have souls; do they breathe; can they express themselves in language to be understood?"

"Yes," said my sweet teacher, "when soul speaks to soul, words are unnecessary;" and taking from her basket a key, she said, "Unlock the door leading to the floral kingdom; enter, and learn the laws, habits, and associations of its inhabitants."

Taking the key and unlocking the door, I was admitted within the charmed circle or kingdom, there to regale myself and read the soul of things. Bringing my Spiritual lenses to bear upon a pink, I entered the interior, and saw a vast plain; the stems distended like so many cedars along the plain, while the delicate veins seemed like walks, and terrace upon terrace. Upon this polished, perfumed plain walked and talked the inhabitants of this charmed world. I examined their dress, forms and movements; saw them vieing with each in attention, the male to the female and *vice versa*. Their garments were dazzling, their forms ethereal, and their motions graceful, as they glided through the enchanted groves, or sipped nectar from the flowery rills, or breathed the incense from the perfumed shades, or walking upon the leaves, broaden their views, and chant the song of freedom in their inner world, beyond the range of the sensuous vision of mortals.

Drinking in the grandeur of the scene, my daughter said, "This is but the beginning of the many mansions which your vision may descry in the downward scale of superior development."

Passing out from the floral kingdom, we floated along until we came to a large, jagged rock. We alighted at its base, and I wondered much.

"Here," said my teacher, "is another lesson for you to learn." And placing a different pair of glasses upon my eyes, and giving me a different key, she said, "Unlock the doors leading to the mineral kingdom, and read mighty truths inscribed upon her rocky pages."

I unlocked the massive doors and entered a world. The rock magnified itself into boundless proportions; I saw rivers, lakes, oceans, railroads, and the busy mart of trade. Here all kinds of labor were represented; here were aspirations and inspirations; here the poet would satisfy his fancy, and drink his fill of glorious enchantment; here the artist could dip his brush in the rich colors of the rainbow and revel amid the beauties of glad, true nature. Upon the oceans and rivers I saw barks and vessels, bound for various ports, each intent upon their destiny and mission. I saw glad youths, happy maidens, busy men and women, each acting their part and writing upon their life scroll, "Progression is the destiny of all, both great and small." I passed through the many mansions in the rocky world, and saw beauties which my poor language cannot describe.

Sitting under the shade of a majestic oak, I was joined by my daughter, who said, "Has my mother found rest; has she been rewarded for her journey through air and on earth?"

I said, "My journey has been one of intense interest, as well as of rest. You have taught me how to find instruction and truth in everything; that all we behold is full of life, consciousness, and intelligence; that the flower, the rock, the mote dancing in the sunbeam, each one is a microcosm of all there is in the broad universe."

"Now," said my child, "we will emerge from this world and enter again the one in which you are a resident. Your soul is now balanced; you have new hopes and greater incentives to journey on, dying each day to the old, while you mount, as it were, upon eagle's wings for more beyond, beneath, and around. Now, my precious mother, I must leave you till you need me again; the cords of love are so closely interlocked in our beings that your earnest wish will attract me to your side whenever needed." And with a kiss my angel guide parted the magnetic current and left me.

From the lounge I arose, and darkness, save the light of the stars, was around me; but the light within my soul outshone the sun in meridian brightness, and I echoed the words of the poet, as full of truth and deep meaning: "There's many a rest on the road of life, if we only knew how to take it."

Adrian, Jan. 16, 1876.

NEEDED MEDICAL REFORM.

A correspondent of the *Woman's Journal* suggests that "male physicians suspend their investigations of female weaknesses, and commence investigating the cause and effect of male weaknesses." I too think it is time that the base of investigation was changed. This specialty of female diseases has already enriched too many unprincipled physicians. It seems ominous that the opposite sex should always be chosen for specialties—and such a specialty!

Let any woman visit the different M. D.s, during their office hours and she will be surprised at the large amount of special practice devoted to women, and even girls, some not over thirteen or fourteen years of age. Now this state of things is fearful. What are mothers thinking of when they allow daughters to be thus treated? I said to an old nurse, who is in league with one of these female-weakness-specialty M. D.s, "Does it not ruin a girl to be thus treated?" "Why, yes," said she, "it takes away their virginity."

An honest M. D. once told me that he had no doubt but thousands of women had been doctored into the grave by the local treatment of caustics; and that only one woman in a hundred could stand such treatment and not be seriously injured. That there were medicines in the homeopathic practice that would reach these diseases, and when local treatment was advised it was either fraud or ignorance that prescribed. He was an old, successful practitioner, and he said that in all his practice he had never found it necessary to make but one examination.

It is time women were instructed in this wholesale swindle practiced upon them. I care not for any school of medicine in particular, but I care for the human race in general; and if any school claims that they can cure without the present fashionable, indecent mode of treatment, they deserve at least a fair trial, and it would be desirable to give them the first trial.

I once heard a family physician telling a mother what was necessary for the cure of her daughter. "Very well," replied the lady, "Ada can die." Of course the doctor left; but Ada did not die; with proper exercise and diet she soon recovered. If I had my choice between death or ruin for a child, either male or female,

I should not hesitate in the choice of death! Virtue should be the first principle, and modesty the next.

The influence of pure food and pure associates in childhood is of incalculable value, it is so easy for the sensuous to acquire the ascendancy over the intellectual and spiritual by stimulating food and low associations. It is probably a fact that the animal nature can be stimulated to an uncontrollable growth by food and low thoughts and low talk. We should take great care of the children, so that the animal does not preponderate over the higher nature.

The first few years of married life often leave the woman a physical wreck. Now here is where some of the physicians had better change their base of practice, and treat the man instead of the woman. Inordinate passion in the man, incited by the use of liquors and tobacco, enfeebles and undermines the health of the man, and of course affects the married woman; and as a result, the children are physically and intellectually weak. Look at the statistics of first children, how many are idiots or partially simple, or physically deformed?

As a general rule, a pure life is a healthy life. Let the physician prescribe to the male patient a simpler diet and the discontinuance of liquor and tobacco, and there will not be so many doctor's bills for the treatment of the wife! But physicians are not going to take money out of pocket by any such prescription, so it remains for the common people to learn and practice hygienic rules of health, if they would strengthen life and save money.

I have a lady friend who was doctored specially for two years, and all this time she was confined to her bed and not allowed to bear her weight upon her feet when moved; by this time she concluded to change physicians, and luckily hit upon an honest M. D. His only prescription was for her to be taken from her bed and to walk a block the first day, and each day add a block to the walk. The first day she went supported on either side by her husband and brother; the second day she went in the same way, and so for a week; then she commenced her walks alone, and in three months she could walk two miles without fatigue; and this was the woman who had been doctored for two years, locally, and kept in bed all that time. It is surprising what fools we are sometimes! A physician has the greatest chance to be good or bad of any profession in life, for the credulity of a sick person is like a child's, in trust and deference.

People are too apt to rely implicitly upon their family physician, but let them use common sense at least in the selection of the M. D. who is to dictate health, and perhaps life or death to them.

If physicians spent less time in warring against the different schools, and petitioning Congress to put down quacks, and all such endless, petty issues, and would try to purge their own school and their individual practice, there would not be such abuses in the practice as we condemn. Nature would be helped and elevated, or at least, let alone; and nature will oftentimes do more and better for the patient than medicine. There are a few thoroughly conscientious M. D.s, and alas, many care more for their purse than their patients. The temptation to drug is too great. An old lady said to me the other day, "Why, I had rather trust my life with a common-sense quack, than with a bigoted one-idea-ed doctor, with his Latin diploma, who will not use a simple remedy if he knows it would cure, unless it belongs to his school." Let success recommend the practitioner, and above all things, let female specialties be handed over to female practitioners and to a hygienic life. Then they will not be half so apt to run into chronic cases, which end only with life.

If we lived purer lives, the sad cause and effect of disease would be palpably less, and the human race would improve physically and intellectually proportionately. Normal, physical nature is beautiful, but we see, now-a-days, very little nature in its normal state. The early use of tobacco dwarfs the physical growth and the use of liquor stimulates the passions and leads to moral deformity. A universal, simple, physical life would soon round the natural form to its original beautiful type, and would give the intellect chance to develop as God intended. Then we should hear less cry of uncontrollable sin.

BETH.
San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 5.

The so-called vegetable wax of China and Japan, which is found on trees in pieces the size of a hen's egg, is really, says the *American Chemist*, the secretion of an insect about as large as a grain of rice. To clarify it for shipment, it is only necessary to melt it and strain it a few times. This wax is called lakthong. Over two millions of pounds of it have been exported from China.

Subscribe for THE SPIRITUALIST AT WORK, the best Spiritualist paper in the world, of its size. Come, help sustain it.

Send us 15 cents, and get a Review of the Discourse of Rev. John Bakewell, Rector of Grace Church, Topeka, Kansas, on the Expose of Spiritualism. By E. V. Wilson.

SOUL READING.

Or Psychometrical delineations of character. Mrs. MARY M. D. SHERMAN would respectfully announce to the public that she will, upon reception of a letter containing photograph (to be returned), month of birth, age, married or single, animal and flower preferred, give an accurate description of the leading traits of character, with marked changes in past and future life. Terms, \$1 and two postage stamps. Address, Mrs. MARY M. D. SHERMAN, Box 1205, Adrian, Mich.